

THE DUBLIN REVIEW

116th YEAR FOURTH QUARTER, 1952

CHRISTIANITY AND THE
HUMANIST TRADITION

Christopher Dawson

"HUMANI GENERIS" AND THE
ORIGIN OF MAN

Humphrey J. T. Johnson

CATHOLIC MYTHS AND
FRENCH POLITICS

J. M. Cameron

SIGRID UNDSET

Neville Braybrooke

THE SPIRITUAL GEOGRAPHY
OF EUROPE

Béla Menczer

LONDON: BURNS OATES



THE
DUBLIN REVIEW

NUMBER 458

Fourth Quarter 1952



LONDON
BURNS OATES

THE
DUBLIN REVIEW

Volume 10

Fourth Quarter 1853



Printed by
JAMES GARDNER

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Christianity and the Humanist Tradition	I
By Christopher Dawson	
The Encyclical <i>Humani Generis</i> and the Origin of Man	12
By Humphrey J. T. Johnson	
Catholic Myths and French Politics	30
By J. M. Cameron	
Sigrid Undset, 1882-1948: A Study	41
By Neville Braybrooke	
The Spiritual Geography of Europe	51
By Béla Menczer	

Book Reviews

<i>Newman: Sa Vie, Sa Spiritualité</i> , by Henry Tristram	67
<i>The Devils of Loudun</i> , by E. I. Watkin	70
<i>The Early Tudors</i> , by A. Gordon Smith	73
<i>Light Invisible</i> , by Humphrey J. T. Johnson	78
<i>The Anathemata</i> , by Harman Grisewood	80
Spanish Reviews, by T. E. May	85
German Reviews, by Edward Quinn	89

THE DUBLIN REVIEW is published in the Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter Quarter of each year. The yearly subscription is 25s. or \$4 post free. Single issues 7s. 6d. or \$1.

All articles are copyright throughout the world, and may not be reproduced without the express permission of the Editor.

All communications, articles and books for review should be addressed to THE DUBLIN REVIEW, 28 Ashley Place, London, S.W.1.

Articles can only be received on the understanding that publication alone is a guarantee of acceptance and payment.

Articles should not be submitted without preliminary correspondence.

Notice to American subscribers: THE DUBLIN REVIEW has entered into an agreement with University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Michigan, to make the REVIEW available to libraries in microfilm form. Sales are restricted to those subscribing to the paper edition, and the film copy is only distributed at the end of the volume year. The microfilm is in the form of positive microfilm, and is furnished on metal reels, suitably labelled. Inquiries concerning purchase should be directed to University Microfilms, 313 N. First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE HUMANIST TRADITION

By CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

THE present age has seen a great slump in humanist values. After dominating Western culture for four centuries humanism today is on the retreat on all fronts, and it seems as though the world is moving in the direction of a non-humanist and even an anti-humanist form of culture. This tendency is most clearly visible in the totalitarian states. In the world of concentration camps and mass purges and total war, there is no room for humanist values, and it is difficult to realize that they have ever existed. Man is a means and not an end, and he is a means to economic or political ends which are not really ends in themselves but means to other ends which in their turn are means and so *ad infinitum*. Man who raised himself above nature and became lord of the world has become reabsorbed into the endless cycle of material change as the blind servant of the economic process of production and consumption.

But even outside the totalitarian state in the democratic world the situation of humanism has become precarious in spite of our insistence on political liberty and our Charters of Human Rights. Here also man has become the servant of the process of economic production, in spite, and partly because of, the increase of wealth and material prosperity. And the advance of technology and scientific specialism have steadily reduced the prestige and influence of humanism in education.

At the same time Western culture has lost its faith in Man. All the old idealisms and, above all, humanist idealism have become discredited, and there has been a marked tendency in Western literature and art—in America no less than in Europe—towards irrationalism, primitivism and the rejection of all the humanist values.

What is the attitude of Christians towards this anti-humanist tendency? Clearly there are certain values which are common to

Christianity and humanism, and to a considerable extent the enemies of humanism are also the enemies of Christianity. On the other hand, there is no doubt that the anti-humanist reaction has affected Christians as well as non-Christians, and in some cases Christians have joined in the attack on humanism and have welcomed its downfall.

The most striking example of this is to be seen in the neo-Calvinist movement of Karl Barth and his school which reasserts the traditional Protestant doctrine of the total corruption of human nature. No doubt these theologians are primarily concerned with Liberal Protestantism rather than with humanism, but since they go further than Calvin himself in their denial of human values, the values of humanism must go down the drain with the rest.

But the Christian reaction against humanism is not confined to the Barthians. It has become so common that it is now often taken for granted by public opinion. For example, I recently read an article in the *New Statesman* by a well-known historian on Professor Butterfield's book, *Christianity and Social Relations*, in which the writer criticizes Professor Butterfield's rejection of moral judgement in history. And he goes on:

The explanation is not far to seek. Christianity and humanism are incompatible. Mr. Butterfield believes in God, therefore he does not believe in man. He holds, no doubt correctly, that only Christians can be judged according to the rules of Christianity; and so he does not judge others at all. He does not discriminate among unregenerate mankind: or rather the only judgement he makes is that some men are cleverer than others.

No doubt this is a somewhat extreme view and there are still plenty of Christians who are prepared to defend the humanist position. Notably, there is M. Jacques Maritain who has written a well-known book in defence of the ideal of Christian humanism. But when Maritain talks about humanism he is clearly using the word in a very different sense from that of Professor Butterfield and his reviewer. So before discussing the problem it is essential to clarify our ideas and to define the real nature of humanism. For 'humanism' is one of those words like 'democracy' that has been used so loosely during the last fifty years that it can mean almost anything. If we neglect this task of definition and begin talking about Integral Humanism or Scientific Humanism or any of the other rival forms of humanist theory, we are apt to become in-

volved in a fog of ideological controversy which has little relation to any historical reality.

Humanism was a real historical movement, but it was never a philosophy or a religion. It belongs to the sphere of education, not to that of theology or metaphysics. No doubt it involves certain moral values, but so does any educational tradition. Therefore it is wiser not to define humanism in terms of philosophical theories or even of moral doctrines, but to limit ourselves to the proposition that *humanism is a tradition of culture and ethics founded on the study of humane letters*.

At first sight this does not carry us very far. It will not satisfy the philosophers like Maritain who says that 'whoever uses the word [humanism] brings into play at once an entire metaphysic'. Nevertheless it is, for all that, the authentic humanism of the humanists—the historic movement that has perhaps done more than anything else to establish the norms of modern European culture during the three centuries between the Renaissance and the Revolution.

Thus although this definition appears to reduce humanism from a philosophy to a form of education, it was a form of education which formed the mind of Western Europe for more than 300 years without distinction of philosophy or creed. Whatever we may think about the relations between Christianity and humanism as a philosophy or metaphysic there can be no question of any conflict between the tradition of humanist education and the tradition of theological orthodoxy. For the humanist education was also the education of the theologians. It was practically the only education that Europe knew, and it was common to all parties and all creeds with a few insignificant exceptions.

This is not to say that the humanist culture of the post Reformation world was one and the same in every part of Europe. Religious differences had an important influence on its development, so that although Catholics and Protestants were both alike influenced by their humanist education, it produced different fruits in art and culture and life in the different spiritual environments.

In the South the union of humanism and Catholicism gave birth to the Baroque culture which was the dominant form of European culture in the first half of the seventeenth century and which maintained its influence in Austria and Germany and Spain and South America far into the eighteenth century.

In the North the unity of Protestant culture is less obvious owing to the absence of religious unity as between the Lutherans and the Calvinists. Nevertheless the influence of humanism on the culture of Northern Europe is no less important than in the South, and it contributed no less than Protestantism to the formation of the new bourgeois culture in Holland and England and Scotland which was destined to have such an immense influence on the future of Western civilization.

Nevertheless Protestant culture was by no means completely humanist. The educated classes had all undergone the discipline of a humanist education, but they derived their ethical ideals not from the philosophers and the humanists but directly from the Bible and above all from the Old Testament. This element of Hebraism was strongest among the Puritans who have often been regarded, e.g. by Matthew Arnold, as responsible for the anti-humanist or Philistine character of the culture of the middle classes in England and America. But the popular conception of the Puritan as an illiterate Philistine is a gross caricature. Both in England and New England the Puritans were very much alive to the value of humane letters and humanist culture, and some of the most remarkable types of Christian humanism in England are to be found among the chaplains of Oliver Cromwell like Peter Steary and John Goodwin and Jeremy White.

It was rather in the Protestant underworld—among the lesser sects which kept alive the traditions of mediaeval heresy—that the anti-humanist element was strongest, and though these sects seldom emerged into the light of history, they nevertheless had a considerable influence in the religion and life of the English-speaking world. They survive today above all in the United States, in the Corybantic excesses of Protestant revivalism and in the obscurantism of traditional sectarianism.¹

These extravagances are very remote from the authentic Puritan tradition. Nevertheless we must admit that in Puritanism as a whole apart from the small group of Puritan humanists above I have mentioned, there is a hard core of unassimilated Hebraism which, even in a man like Milton, produced a sharp dualism between religion and culture and led him to use his mastery of the

¹ One of the best examples of the anti-humanist attitude that I know is expressed in the prayer of a Southern Baptist preacher recorded and guaranteed as authentic by A. L. Drummond in his book on American Protestantism: 'O Lord I thank Thee that I am ignorunt. Make me ignorunter! Make me as ignorunt as a mule!' A. L. Drummond, *Story of American Protestantism*, p. 299 (Boston, 1950).

humanist style against the humanist tradition itself, as in his denunciation of classical literature and philosophy in the fourth book of *Paradise Regained*.

It was this dualism of religion and culture which prevented the development of religious drama and religious art in seventeenth-century England and destroyed the mediaeval unity of religion and social life.

In Catholic Europe it was not so. The Baroque culture was far more deeply penetrated by humanist influences than the culture of the Protestant world, since they were not confined to the scholars and the men of letters, but affected the life of the people as a whole through the religious art and music and drama which continued to play the same part in the Baroque world that they had performed in the Middle Ages.

Thus there was not the same sharp division or antagonism between religion and culture that we find in Northern Europe. For instance the drama, instead of being banned by the Church, was used deliberately as a means of popular religious instruction, so that in Spain religious and secular dramas were composed by the same authors, performed by the same actors, and applauded by the same audiences. In the same way, there was no sharp dualism in Catholic Europe between humanist and Christian ethics. The synthesis between Christian and Aristotelian ethics which was perhaps the most important of the achievements of St. Thomas remained the basis of Catholic teaching and it provided an ideal foundation for the construction of a Christian humanism which could integrate the moral values of the humanist tradition with the super-naturalism of Christian theology.

It may be objected that by bringing in Thomism, I am doing just what I objected to in the ideologists of humanism. But apart from the fact that Aristotle and Plato have always been included in the study of humane letters, the Nicomachean Ethics embody the essential principles of humanist ethics and have an incomparable importance in the history of humanist education.

We must remember that 'the study of humane letters' was never confined to literature and philology. It was understood in the widest possible sense, as including the whole realm of classical culture. Thus the tradition of humanism takes us back eventually to the tradition of Hellenism which was the real source alike of the humanist values and of the humanist system of education.

Consequently humanism represents something much wider

than the movement with which the name is primarily associated—I mean than the Renaissance of classical studies in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It stands for a continuous tradition which accompanies the whole course of Western culture from its beginnings in ancient Greece down to modern times. In some ages it has been weakened and obscured, and these are what the humanists called Dark Ages. But as E. R. Curtius has recently shown in his great book on *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages*,¹ the continuity is much greater than is generally realized, and though the Italian scholars of the Renaissance were the first to be known as humanists, we have no right to deny the title to John of Salisbury and the scholars of Chartres in the twelfth century or even to some of the Carolingian scholars in the ninth century like Theodulf of Orleans and Walafrid Strabo. It is this continuous tradition that makes the unity of European literature and European thought, so that, as E. R. Curtius insists, it is hopeless to try to study any of the modern European literatures as though it were an autonomous whole, since they all form part of a greater unity and are only fully intelligible when they are related to the common tradition of Western humanism.

And the same can be said about the different European cultures. Culture does not arise spontaneously from the soil; it is an artificial growth which has been diffused from its original source in the Eastern Mediterranean by a complex process of transplantation and has been gradually made to bear fruit in a new soil by a long process of careful cultivation. Drama and prose are like the vine and the olive, and they are derived from the same homelands. The difference is that they have spread further and changed more.

This, however, is only one side of Western culture. The mistake of the humanists of the Renaissance and the men of the eighteenth century, and to some extent of modern scholars, is that they have regarded the humanist tradition as the only creative and formative element in Western culture and have shut their eyes to the existence of other elements or else have condemned everything else as barbaric, irrational and inhuman. In reality there is another tradition which is even more important than humanism in the development of European culture—the Christian tradition. This, like the tradition of humanism, has come into Western Europe from outside and has become acclimatized and assimilated by a

¹ Cf. my article in *The Dublin Review*, First Quarter, 1950, pp. 31 ff.

thousand years of spiritual labour. It is a more recent importation than the other, but on the other hand it has gone much deeper, since it has not been limited to the educated and leisured classes, but has penetrated to the roots of society—to the peasants—and has deeply influenced the life and thought of the common people.

First as rivals, then as mistress and servant, then as rivals again, but sometimes as friends and coadjutors, these two great traditions have together been the conscious spiritual and intellectual sources of Western culture.

Today both of them are threatened, and threatened on the whole by the same enemies, but both still exist, and as long as they exist Europe still survives.

Nevertheless this situation does not necessarily lead to a closer understanding and co-operation between Christians and humanists. There are many Christians who take an extremely pessimistic view of the prospects of Western culture. They believe that Europe is done for and that the future of Christianity lies elsewhere. As Canon Vidler has written, 'Generally speaking, Christians see the European breakdown as the culmination and disintegration of the tremendous experiment that began at the Renaissance. That is, the experiment of European man to build a civilization with himself at the centre and independently of God and his sovereign rule.'¹

From this point of view there can be no question of an alliance between Christianity and Humanism, or rather the *de facto* alliance that does in some sort exist is a compromising one from which Christians must disentangle themselves as quickly and completely as possible. And yet this process of disentanglement is not so simple as it seems at first sight. After 1800 years of intercourse there has been so much mutual interpenetration that all kinds of patterns of thought and behaviour have been formed which have become a second nature to us, and the average Christian does not realize how much his moral outlook is conditioned by humanist influences.

Take the case of humanitarianism. No doubt humanitarianism is on the decline in the modern world, but it is still strong and nowhere is it stronger than among English and American Christians. Yet humanitarianism is not a purely Christian movement any more than it is a purely humanist one. It is a typical example of the impact of the humanist tradition on Christianity and *vice versa*. Certainly we cannot regard the humanitarian achievements of the

¹ A. R. Vidler, *Secular Despair and Christian Faith*, p. 82.

last two centuries as secure today, but in this matter at least the secular humanists and the Christians are very closely united—much more closely united, I think, than the different Christian bodies are in their defence of the rights of the Church against the secular state. And if today there was any question of reviving the practice of judicial torture or the reintroduction of public executions, there is no doubt that the very Christians who are most critical of humanism would be loudest in their protests.

The fact is that very few people have a clear idea of what a strictly non-humanist Christianity would be like. Of course they are aware of the existence of that type of extreme sectarianism which is content to be as 'ignorant as a mule' but I am sure that that is not the kind of thing they want. It is no doubt possible to find examples of non-humanist Christianity that are more admirable than this, but they are a long way away. Perhaps the best example I can quote is that of the Archpriest Avakkum who was burnt alive in 1682 for his opposition to the reform of the Russian liturgy and whose autobiography is one of the classics of Russian literature. Now in some respects the religion of Avakkum seems just what is wanted if Christianity is to survive in a non-humanist totalitarian order, for he succeeded in existing and bearing witness to his faith under conditions which make the ordinary concentration camp seem like a kindergarten. But on the intellectual side his Christianity has no contact with ordinary rational human life. He was a kind of Christian witch-doctor who could meet the Siberian shamans on their own ground but whose religion was as narrow as theirs. His lack of any humanist culture or ethic made him entirely dependent on a rigid observance of ritual order, so that the smallest change in the traditional order, such as crossing oneself with three fingers instead of with two, seemed to him an act of apostasy far worse than any mere crime or act of immorality.

Now this kind of anti-humanist Christianity is not only contrary to the traditions of Western Christendom which have admittedly been permeated by humanist influence, but is alien from the spirit of Christianity itself.

The real decision was made by the apostolic Church when it turned from the Jews to the Gentiles, from the closed world of the synagogue and the law to the cosmopolitan society of the Roman-Hellenistic world. In spite of his apparent anti-intellectualism, St. Paul was by no means unconscious of the value of humane letters in the work of evangelization. In fact he was himself the first

Christian humanist and his speech to the Athenians, with its appeal to the Hellenistic doctrines of the unity of the human race, of divine providence and of the natural affinity between the human and divine natures, is the basic document of Christian humanism. All this is much more than a method of apologetic devised for an Hellenistic audience. It is an expression of St. Paul's sense of a certain affinity between Christianity and Hellenism owing to which the Hellenistic cities of the Eastern Roman Empire provided the necessary conditions for the propagation of the new faith.

What was the nature of this affinity? On the one hand Hellenism provided a humane ethos and a philosophy of human nature which were not to be found among other cultures, while on the other hand Christianity is distinguished from other religions by its doctrine of the Incarnate Word, through whom the Divine and Human Natures have been substantially united in the historic person of Jesus Christ, the mediator between God and Man.

It is clear that this essential Christian doctrine gives a new value to human nature, to human history and to human life which is not to be found in the other great oriental religions. The more the latter insist on the transcendence and absoluteness of the Divine Nature, the more they widen the gulf between God and Man, so that they tend either to deny the reality of the material world or to regard it as essentially evil, so that the body is a prison into which the human soul has got caught. These ideas were so powerful in the ancient world that they have often threatened to invade Christianity, and it was only by using the methods of Hellenic culture and with the help of Christian humanists like St. Irenaeus and St. Gregory of Nyssa that the Church was able to vindicate the Christian doctrine of man.

To St. Gregory there is a profound analogy between man's natural function as a rational being—the ruler of the world and the link between the intelligible and sensible orders—and the divine mission of the Incarnate Word which unites humanity with the divine nature and restores the broken unity of the whole creation. The natural order corresponds with the supernatural order and both form part of the same divine all-embracing plan of creation and restoration. The Incarnation restores human nature to its original integrity and with it the whole material creation which is raised through man to a higher plane and integrated with the intelligible or spiritual order.

These doctrines are no doubt fundamentally Pauline, but with St. Gregory of Nyssa they are explicitly related to the tradition of Greek thought and to the Hellenic ideal of humanity. Moreover St. Gregory of Nyssa with his brother St. Basil and their friend St. Gregory Nazianzen were also humanists in the more technical sense—great students and lovers of humane letters who had a decisive influence on the development of the culture of Orthodox Christendom. Today there is a tendency to view Eastern Christianity through Russian eyes and to stress those elements in the Byzantine tradition which are most remote from the humanist tradition, as we see it, for example, in Avakkum and Khomiakoff and Dostoevsky. But these represent the spirit of Russia rather than the Byzantine tradition. The real founders of the Byzantine culture were the great Cappadocian fathers of whom I have spoken, and behind all the later developments of Eastern Orthodoxy which found so many different expressions in different ages and peoples, there lies this Christian Hellenism of the fourth century, which was also a Christian humanism.

It is true that there is another element in Orthodox Christianity which is neither Western nor humanist—I mean the tradition of the monks of the desert. But whereas the Byzantine culture was able to incorporate and Hellenize this tradition, thanks largely to St. Basil himself, the purely Oriental element in monasticism as represented by the leaders of Egyptian monasticism like Bgoul and Shenoutei became unorthodox as well as non-humanist and was one of the driving forces behind the religious revolt which separated Egypt and Syria from the Orthodox Church.

It is therefore no accident that this great Orientalist reaction against Hellenic culture should have found its theological justification in a doctrine which denied the full humanity of Christ. Nor did the Oriental reaction stop at this point. For Monophysitism is only the first step in a far-reaching movement which carried the East away from Christianity and found its final expression in the uncompromising unitarian absolutism of Islam which rejects the whole idea of Incarnation and restores an impassable gulf between God and Man.

And thus while it is easy enough to conceive of an Oriental Christianity which has no affinity with any form of humanist culture, we must admit that it is very difficult in practice for such a Christianity to hold its own against the various forms of unorthodox or non Christian spirituality—Manichean, Moslem or Mono-

physite—which make such a profound appeal to the Oriental mind.

No doubt there is the Christianity of Abyssinia which is Mono-physite more by historical accident than by theological necessity and which has held its own for a thousand years against the pressure of Islam. And even in the case of Abyssinia we must not forget how much the national revival in the sixteenth century owed to the stimulus of Western culture and Western Christianity.

It is true that Christianity is not bound up with any particular race or culture. It is neither of the East nor of the West, but has a universal mission to the human race as a whole. Nevertheless it is precisely in this universality that the natural bond and affinity between Christianity and humanism is to be found. For humanism also appeals to man as man. It seeks to liberate the universal qualities of human nature from the narrow limitations of blood and soil and class and to create a common language and a common culture in which men can realize their common humanity. Humanism is an attempt to overcome the curse of Babel which divides mankind into a mass of warring tribes hermetically sealed against one another by their mutual incomprehensibility. If this only means that humanism is attempting to build a new tower of Babel—a city of Man founded on pride and self will in ignorance and contempt of God—then no doubt humanism is anti-Christian. But this is not the only kind of humanism. As man needs God and nature requires grace for its own perfecting, so humane culture is the natural foundation and preparation for spiritual culture. Thus Christian humanism is as indispensable to the Christian way of life as Christian ethics and a Christian sociology. Humanism and Divinity are as complementary to one another in the order of culture, as are Nature and Grace in the order of being.

THE ENCYCLICAL *HUMANI GENERIS* AND THE ORIGIN OF MAN

By HUMPHREY J. T. JOHNSON

THE encyclical *Humani Generis*¹ is not one of the longer papal encyclicals but it has not on that account failed to attract attention and provoke discussion. Like all such documents, it has been adversely criticized by those outside the Church, but it also created feelings of disquiet in the minds of many Catholics who read it only hurriedly or knew it only from extracts published in the secular press. In a moving contribution to *La Vie Intellectuelle*² entitled *Testament d'un anthropologue* the veteran prehistoric archaeologist Count Bégouen has described the (happily brief) feeling of anguish which he experienced on reading the encyclical. He forgot all about the Holy Year and set a black mark against the year 1950. The labours of Catholic scientists had, so it seemed to him, been rendered fruitless by the Pope, and the Holy See had, he thought, declared war on scientific research. The shade of Galileo haunted him. These melancholy reflexions came from a first hurried reading of the encyclical or at least from the first newspaper reports of it to reach France. It seemed to Bégouen to be a purely negative document. In the course of some correspondence on this topic the present writer drew Count Bégouen's attention to the fact that in the encyclical *Humani Generis* the possibility of the evolution of the human body from lower forms of life was admitted for the first time in a papal document.

Some twenty-five years ago Bégouen on behalf of a group of Catholic scientists had addressed to the Holy See a respectfully worded memoir on the subject of evolution and had met with a sympathetic response; and now that reassurance received happy confirmation when, after he had addressed, in his capacity of an

¹ This encyclical should not be confounded with the Encyclical *Humani Genus* issued by Leo XIII in 1884 and directed against the Freemasons.

² May 1951.

old prehistorian, an equally respectful letter to the Holy Father, expressing his fear lest the encyclical should mark the opening of another painful chapter in the history of the relation of theology and natural science, he received through the Apostolic Nuncio in Paris some valuable hints as to how a document emanating from such a source should be read. When it is read for the first time some uncertainty with regard to its meaning may present itself to the reader. On the second reading all should be clear. The third perusal should convince the reader that nothing could be more courteous or show such respectful delicacy towards scientific investigation and that nothing could be more encouraging to a mind solely preoccupied with the pursuit of truth. Bégouen's despondency was changed into happiness, a mood which was but intensified by the appreciation shown by an eminent Roman theologian of the memoir which he had addressed to the Sovereign Pontiff. It was rare, said the theologian, if not unique, for the Holy See to give such positive encouragement to a science to which, but half a century since, a large number of theologians refused to concede the right to exist.

The section of *Humani Generis* concerned with anthropology is only about one-sixteenth of the whole document, though some half-dozen questions are touched upon. The Pope begins by declaring that it is a part of the Catholic faith that human souls are directly created by God. The contrary opinion that they originate by generation is not however in this encyclical reprobated for the first time. It was condemned in a letter addressed by Pope Anastasius II to the Bishops of Gaul at the end of the fifth century. Known as Traducianism this opinion reappeared in Germany in the nineteenth century, being favoured by the theologians Heinrich Klee and the more famous Georg Hermes. The Munich theologian Jakob Froschammer taught a modified Traducianism according to which the soul was created by the parents in virtue of a peculiar power given them by God. This view was condemned in the brief *Gravissimas* addressed to Mgr. Scheer, Archbishop of Munich and Freising, in 1862. The twentieth of the propositions of Rosmini¹ maintains the milder position that there is no intrinsic impossibility in the Traducianist view. '*Non repugnat,*' it runs, '*ut anima humana generatione multiplicetur, ita ut concipiatur eam ab imperfecto, nempe a gradu sensitivo, ad perfectum, nempe ad gradum intellectivum, procedere.*'

¹ Condemned by Leo XIII in 1887.

While in opposition to these theories Pius XII teaches an absolutely creationist view of the origin of the soul, with regard to the origin of the human body he is much more reserved. He lays down that for Catholics the doctrine of evolution may be regarded as an open question 'as long as it confines its speculations to the development of the human body from other living matter already in existence'. But discussion of this question must be carried on in a spirit of seriousness, fairness and restraint, qualities which have but too often been lacking. The Holy Father concludes his treatment of this topic by expressing disapprobation of those who treat as though proved beyond doubt that the human body has been so developed. The encyclical then passes on to treat of whether or no humanity derives its origin from a single pair, a question to which we will return.

Humani Generis has been criticized by both Catholics and non-Catholics. The Pope, such critics may say, is acting within his province when he tells us whether a scientific theory is or is not compatible with the Catholic faith. But if it is not so contrary how can he say whether it is true? Does it not appertain rather to men of science to answer this question for us? This criticism sounds specious; but the case is a peculiar one. It is notorious that many persons have hailed evolution as a powerful, if not an all-powerful, weapon in the hands of those who were assailing supernatural religion and have therefore asserted that it has been already proved to have taken place. It should be remembered (though it is but too often forgotten) that in such a matter strict proof amounting to demonstration is out of the question and can never be attained. All that can be reached is an impressive accumulation of probabilities such as must make further doubt extremely difficult to entertain.

Has such an accumulation of probabilities actually been reached where the origin of man is concerned, as almost all of those who have given serious attention to this matter maintain? In order to clarify our answer it will not be out of place to call attention to the fact that belief in the development of the human body from pre-existing living matter is not the same thing as belief in evolution as it is generally understood. Such development would be compatible with an ancestral tree independent of those of all other mammals or even of all other living organisms. In such circumstances the human body would certainly have been 'evolved', but not in the way in which most likely any biolo-

gist could be found to believe. All evolutionists postulate for man, that is to say in so far as he is animal, a common ancestry with other mammals. Occasionally, though very rarely, the view is put forward that man derives his origin from some non-primate mammalian stock, but this suggestion is so uncommon that we need not pause to consider it. It is generally accepted that man belongs to the order of mammals to which Linnaeus in the eighteenth century gave the name Primates, though this position at one time called forth protests from Christians.

S'il nous est permis de le dire [wrote Chateaubriand in an eloquent passage in the Génie du Christianisme], c'est, ce nous semble, une grande pitié que de trouver aujourd'hui l'homme mammifère rangé, d'après le système de Linnaeus, avec les singes, les chauve-souris¹ et les paresseux.² Ne valoit-il pas autant le laisser à la tête de la création, où l'avoient placé Moïse, Aristote, Buffon et la nature. Touchant de son âme aux cieux, et de son corps à la terre, on aimoit à le voir former dans la chaîne des êtres l'anneau qui lie le monde visible au monde invisible le temps à l'éternité.³

Though we may appreciate the writer's sentiments Chateaubriand's protest does little to help the comparative anatomist. The Primates are usually held to comprise, in addition to man, the apes, monkeys, lemurs and tarsiers; some zoologists however withdraw the lemurs from this order and place them with the *Tupaïidae* or tree-shrews (usually classed as insectivores) in a separate order of their own.

Although in his anatomical features man more closely resembles the primates than he does any other mammals he does not resemble them all in an equal degree, and a variety of explanations has been advanced on the subject of his exact relation to the primate stem. In the last century, the American anatomist E. D. Cope supposed that the human line of descent diverged from that which led up to the apes and monkeys at a period as remote as that at which the lemuroid stem did so. More recently Professor Wood Jones has advanced a somewhat similar view advocating the theory that man springs from a tarsiid rather than a simian ancestry. But to the great majority of anthropologists the animals which stand nearest to us in the hierarchy of being are the large apes, and since the theory of evolution has won all but universal acceptance they have come to be regarded as man's closest

¹ Linnaeus included the bats among the Primates.

² The sloths are not Primates at all but belong to the order of Edentates.

³ III, 1823, p. 65.

living congeners. A few anthropologists such as Ameghino have favoured the view that man originated in the New World and have claimed that the human line of descent is closely connected with that of the platyrrhine or flat-nosed apes of South America. This view has met with but little acceptance and has at times involved its authors in ridicule. No anthropoid apes, living or fossil, are forthcoming from either North or South America, and in the present state of the evidence man appears to have been an immigrant from North-Eastern Asia into Alaska at the close of or soon after the close of the glacial period. Man's dentition moreover differs from that of the New World primates who all have three premolar teeth, though in the marmosets the third molar is suppressed, giving them the same total number of teeth as is to be found in man.

St. George Mivart, in an article on the apes which he contributed to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, expressed the belief that the *Cebidae*, as the large New World monkeys are called, are not diverging offshoots from a common ape parent but may have arisen in an independence of the Old World apes as complete as that between the origin of either of them and the origin of the lemuroids or even, strange as it may be, of the carnivores. Mivart counsels a 'judicious scepticism' as regards the lines of primate descent. These he thinks were inextricably intertwined, presenting a pattern far less simple than that postulated by contemporary anatomists. He draws attention in this connexion to an interesting anatomical feature of *Chrysotrrix*, the Brazilian squirrel monkey, in which the facial portion of the skull is relatively smaller than in man himself, whereas the increase in the cranial at the expense of the facial portion is usually one of the most salient features distinguishing man from the lower primates.

Mivart was writing at a time when the contributions which palaeontology could make to the early history of mankind were meagre in comparison with what now exists. The preponderance of anthropological opinion now favours the theory that the animals most clearly connected with man by descent are the large apes of the Old World and among them those of Africa rather than those of South-East Asia. This view though based ultimately on comparative anatomy has, so it is claimed, been fortified by the study of the fossil remains of early man and primitive manlike creatures. To what extent can this claim be substantiated?

For the earlier and longer portion of the history of mankind,

anthropologists must depend on the study of those parts of the human organism which have in favourable circumstances been able to resist the disintegrating forces of nature. The graves and cemeteries of the Early Iron, Bronze and Neolithic ages have yielded the remains of peoples who, if the colour of their skin, the texture of their hair and their blood group affinities are unknown, are shown by their skeletons to have not differed in any important respect from modern man. The remains which have come to light of the men of the latter part of the Palaeolithic age indicate that the races then living were not specifically distinct from those living today. Both are classified as neanthropic, a term which, if not free from objections, is perhaps less open to criticism than the alternative one *homo sapiens*. For this latter conceals an ambiguity. Anatomists and palaeontologists use it to describe modern man, the only type of man known in the time of Linnaeus, who originated this term, and they exclude from the category of *homo sapiens* other extinct types even though there is evidence that their mentality was human. Popular writers sometimes use the term *homo sapiens* in a non-Linnaean sense, applying it to all peoples who show evidence of the possession of a human degree of intelligence.

The pioneers of evolution in the 'sixties of the last century, when they proclaimed their conviction in the affinity of man and ape, had but little in the way of evidence from fossils to cite in support of their belief. Yet they were convinced that the day would come when remains of creatures revealing characters intermediate between men and apes would be found. This expectation has been fulfilled but its fulfilment came but slowly.

The first human skull clearly recognizable as belonging to a type other than that of modern man was found at Gibraltar in 1848, though many others or fragments of others had no doubt been found previously and reburied or broken up and thrown away because their significance was not apparent. It was not till 1864 that the significance of the Gibraltar skull was perceived. This was occasioned by the fact that there had been discovered in the Neanderthal near Düsseldorf in West Germany in 1856 remains of a type of man hitherto unknown except for the Gibraltar specimen. The Neanderthal cranium was indeed that of a big-brained man but was so flattened as to suggest affinities to the ape. It was at first widely regarded as pathological, though when the Gibraltar skull again attracted scientific attention the resemblance between the two became apparent. This raised the question

whether we were not in the presence of a long extinct variety or even species of man rather than in that of two abnormal individuals.

Further discoveries shed light on this problem, though they came but tardily. A Neanderthaloid mandible was found at La Naulette in the Belgian Ardennes in 1866, but skeletons were lacking till two almost complete ones were found at Spy in the Meuse valley about twenty years later. After this last discovery it was difficult to deny the existence far back in palaeolithic times of a breed of men differing more widely from modern man than any two existing races differ from each other. It was quite impossible to do so when remains of at least fourteen individuals were found at Krapina in Croatia in 1899 and the following years. Neanderthal man was tentatively labelled *homo primigenius*, a name discreetly dropped when types of men older than he came to light, that of 'Neanderthal' man taking its place. The most important discoveries of this type were made in the French department of the Dordogne during the years 1908-1911. These finds, despite their interest for the physical anthropologists, had even greater interest for the archaeologist and the social anthropologist in that they showed that the men of the middle Palaeolithic age practised ceremonial interment of their dead.

The so-called Neanderthal men were short in stature compared with modern man but they were of robust build. According to some authorities their carriage was not fully erect and they walked with a slight stoop, but this has been questioned. The brain was large though the cranial vault was depressed; the brow ridges formed a single bar of bone. The facial portion of the skull was, in comparison with the cranial one, greater than in modern man. The lower jaw was massive and the chin receding. Should we regard Neanderthal man as a missing link for whom search was being made ever since the time of Darwin? In one sense yes, but in another no. Neanderthal man exhibited a combination of human and simian characters such as evolutionists had predicted would one day come to light, but though he constitutes in certain respects an anatomical link—once missing, but now found—between modern man and the ape, he was not in the proper sense a link between them since the size of his brain places him definitely within the human category—a fact confirmed by the relics of his culture.

Did Neanderthal man represent a stage in the evolution of

modern man? This view was widely held when the first discoveries of the type were made and it has had serious exponents in recent years; but there are weighty objections to this view. Neanderthal man became extinct only during the last or Wurmian glaciation and modern man was beyond doubt contemporaneous with him. Even more significant is the fact that the pithecoïd features of Neanderthal man are less accentuated in the earlier than in the later representatives of the type. The Ehringsdorf skull, from the neighbourhood of Weimar in Central Germany, thought to be that of a youth of about eighteen, has a higher vault and a steeper forehead than the classical Neanderthal ones of later date. From the caves of Tabūn and Skhul at the foot of Mount Carmel at the eastern shore of the Mediterranean have come remains of a dozen individuals dating from the last interglacial period or at least from the earlier part of the Wurmian glaciation and thus as old, if not a little older, than the later Neanderthal remains from Western Europe. One of the skeletons from the Tabūn caves—apparently a female—is strongly Neanderthaloid, but others exhibit an interesting combination of modern and archaic features.

This may be explained by the supposition that the Mount Carmel people are hybrids, but there remains the alternative possibility that they are the representatives of a stock ancestral to the European Neanderthal population which emigrated into Europe from the East. Remains from Steinheim in South Germany, from Fontéchevade in the department of the Charente, and a skull fragment from Swanscombe in the Thames Estuary, also provide evidence that men with certain modern features were contemporary with or older than the Neanderthal type which we have called 'classical'.

The Fontéchevade remains are the oldest human remains so far found in France. They were discovered by Mademoiselle Henri-Martin in August 1947 and consist of a fossil skull-cap with a small portion of another one. Their date is pronounced to have been earlier than the last glaciation and they probably belong to the Riss-Würm interglacial period. The Fontéchevade man had a vertical forehead and his cranial capacity was equal to that of modern man. A reconstruction made with the assistance of the fragment of the second skull reveals the highly interesting fact that Fontéchevade man lacked the frontal torus characteristic of Neanderthal man. This discovery is of the highest importance as showing that the old view that the Cro-Magnon and Chancelade races

who lived during the last glaciation were the first representatives of men of the modern type to invade Europe must be discarded. But it should never be forgotten that remains such as those of Fontéchevade, Swanscombe and Piltdown in no way weaken the hypothesis of human evolution, but are only destructive of certain over-simplified theories of the way in which it came about.

The oldest human fossil in Europe, the Heidelberg jaw, exhibits strongly pithecoïd traits. Discovered in a sandpit in the Valley of the Neckar in 1907, and described by Dr. Otto Schoetensack, it is considered to date from the lower pleistocene. The jaw strongly resembles the later Neanderthal type but is more massive. The chin is quite undeveloped. The teeth are surprisingly modern in comparison with the jaw. All sixteen have been preserved. In view of its high antiquity it would naturally be of great interest to possess the skull to which the Heidelberg jaw was attached. Doubtless it possessed many primitive features, but it may have possessed some modern ones as well.

If only the Piltdown mandible had been discovered, erroneous conclusions would have been drawn with regard to the skull. For this, despite its great thickness, is of a remarkably modern type, whereas the jaw resembles that of an anthropoid ape and to such an extent that it has been questioned whether both could have belonged to one individual, though it is on the whole most likely that this was the case. The Heidelberg jaw would have been easily susceptible of attachment to one of the larger *sinanthropic* skulls and also to one such as the Rhodesian skull from Broken Hill, which is of uncertain though probably pleistocene date. In any theory it reveals the presence in Europe, at an epoch more remote than that from which remains of *neanthropic* man are forthcoming, of a hominid possessing some startling pithecoïd features.

This does not of course 'prove' evolution, but it makes it a theory with which it is more difficult than ever to dispense. From Eastern Asia, at latitudes as far north as the neighbourhood of Peking and as far south as the island of Java, there have been forthcoming, during a period which began sixty years ago, a quality of fossil hominoid remains which established the existence, in either lower pleistocene or mid-pleistocene times, of men of an extremely primitive type possessing characters more pithecoïd than those of Neanderthal man. These remains, of which the northern group is named *Sinanthropus* and the southern one *Pithecanthropus*, exhibit a most striking combination of human and simian features. When

the original pithecanthropic remains were found at Trinil in Java in the early 'nineties, it was doubtful whether their affinities were human or simian and a variety of theories, some plausible but others fantastic, were put forward with regard to them. The skull was said to be that of a very primitive type of man or that of a very large gibbon or again that of a creature representing a stage in the evolution of ape into man. It was suggested that *Pithecanthropus* was a hybrid, being the offspring of a union between man and ape and even that he was a microcephalic idiot, despite the fact that such would have had but scant chances of survival in the conditions under which *Pithecanthropus* may be supposed to have lived. Long before reaching maturity, such a creature, if it had escaped death at the hands of its fellowmen, would probably have been eaten by a tiger or a crocodile.

It now seems beyond doubt that the *Pithecanthropus* should be classed as human. For he so closely resembles the *Sinanthropus* or Peking man as to be almost indistinguishable from him, and the latter was acquainted with the use of fire. It seems likely therefore that these East Asiatic hominids were from the point of view of material culture not far below that of the most backward races known to ethnologists and, as Dr. Garrod has said, 'a creature who lived by hunting and knew the use of fire must already have developed needs which could not be met by a handful of chipped pebbles and a pointed stick'.¹ It should not be forgotten that wood formed a very important element in the material culture of these very early peoples, and as long as wood was available man's use of bone was restricted. It was only during the fourth glaciation and among Upper Palaeolithic peoples living north of latitude 42°N., that is, in the relatively treeless tundra belt, that genuine artefacts of bone and antler begin to appear.²

We cannot, however, legitimately conclude that modern or neanthropic man passed through a *Pithecanthropus*-*Sinanthropus* stage of ancestry. The common ancestor of palaeanthropic and neanthropic man may have resembled the latter more closely than is generally assumed. But the broad fact emerges that the expectation of nineteenth-century evolutionists, that men exhibiting features resembling those of the great apes would one day be found, has received fulfilment. The complementary expectation of the discovery of fossil apes with human characters was realized more slowly. But in the last quarter of a century the gap in the

¹ *Environment Tools and Man*, an Inaugural Lecture, p. 18.

² *Ibid.*, 19.

knowledge of anthropologists which separated the great apes from the most primitive hominid types has been narrowed. A new family of fossil primates, the *Australopithecinae* from the southern part of the African continent, has become known. This family, containing it is believed at least three genera, *Australopithecus*, *Plesianthropus* and *Paranthropus*, has come to light as a result of discoveries in Bechuanaland and the Transvaal. Some have thought that the *Australopithecinae* were directly ancestral to man but this is doubtful. On the other hand it has been suggested with plausibility that they represent a stage through which development of the human form has passed and that man (considered as a physical organism and an animal) is descended from animals closely related to the australopithecine apes.

Perhaps the most interesting light which the South African fossil apes throw on the discussion is that they seem to indicate that the erect posture was something anterior to the enlargement of the brain. The contrary view has been favoured by some anthropologists who, appealing to the alleged principle that the history of the individual may be supposed to recapitulate that of the race, argued, from the early enlargement of the brain in the human foetus, that a bipedal progression was acquired only at a more recent evolutionary stage. In size of the brain the fossil apes of South Africa fall below *Pithecanthropus*. 'Probably, however,' writes Le Gros Clark, 'in proportion to the size of the body, as a whole, it was somewhat larger than that of the chimpanzee and the gorilla and there is some indication (but as yet no certainty) that the convolucional pattern on the surface of the brain may have been a little more complicated.'¹

Are the *Australopithecinae* to be regarded as missing links? Persons with serious minds should not ask themselves such questions. For though popular journalists as well as Catholics with anti-evolutionist prejudices are fond of making merry over the 'missing link', this way of looking at the matter is absurd. For if by a missing link we mean a creature which combines in some degree or other the features of an anthropoid ape with those of a modern man then of course scores of such 'missing links' are known—not merely *Australopithecus*, but *Proconsul*, *Pithecanthropus*, *Sinanthropus*, Rhodesian man, Heidelberg man, Neanderthal man and Mount Carmel man, types represented in all by some seventy specimens. But it would be more true to say that they are no longer missing links

¹ *History of the Primates*, p. 65.

since they have been found. If on the other hand by the expression 'missing link' is meant a creature whose nature was half human and half sub-human such is an impossibility and can never therefore be found.

There is no way of rigorously proving or disproving the thesis that evolution played a part in the process in which the human body came into existence. We can no more *prove* that man and apes come from a common stock than we can *prove* that the light-skinned European and the dark-skinned African share one. All we can say, leaving revelation out of account, is that the rejection of either of these conclusions will leave many facts unexplained. Several generations have now passed since Buffon, more clearly, and Voltaire, more obscurely, hinted that man may have possessed an animal ancestry. Such a belief was swiftly captivating the scientific world before the science of human palaeontology was born. For it was felt that the structural resemblances between men and apes were too numerous to be accounted for by chance, or even explained by some hypothesis of 'convergence'. Even however had all the apes, monkeys and lemurs become extinct before the advent of man and left no fossil remains behind them, men of science, seeing that man is a mammal, would have deduced that he shared a common origin (as regards his body) with other mammals.

The discovery of fossil hominids and prehomnids as predicted by Darwin has not itself created belief in evolution. It has merely fortified a belief already held. The old contention, that the reason why no traces of beings intermediate in structure between modern men and apes had been found was because no such had ever existed, has fallen to the ground. The opponents of evolution have a harder task than was the case eighty or ninety years ago. For they must frame a counter-hypothesis to meet the evidence furnished by the fossil hominids.¹

Most of those Catholics who refuse to accept the evidence for the evolutionary origin of the human body do accept evolution as an explanation of organic changes observable in the lower creation. But such a compromise does not help their case. For if evolution could have bridged the gulf between *Australopithecus* and the amoeba it is not easy to see why it could not have spanned the much smaller one between *Australopithecus* and *Pithecanthropus*. This being the case, it is not surprising that the leading Catholic

¹ In this respect the recent critic of evolution Fr Wilhelm Koppers shows himself far from satisfactory in his book *Primitive Man and His World Picture*.

authorities on the subject of palaeolithic man, the Abbé Breuil, the Abbés A. and J. Bouyssonie, Père Teilhard de Chardin and Count Bégouen in France and Dr. Garrod in England all favour the idea of an evolutionary origin of the human body.¹ Something which is, however, especially noteworthy is that this theory has been sympathetically received by the well-known Roman Jesuit Padre Marcozzi in his book *le Origini dell' Uomo* (2nd edition 1944).

On the other hand we should reject the facile supposition that the pedigree of neanthropic man was no more than a gradual ascent from a Tertiary ape through australopithecine, pithecanthropic, sinanthropic, and the Neanderthaloid forms. It is not inconceivable that a common ancestor of the hominid and anthropoid stocks resembled the former more closely than the latter, and that neither passed through a phase of evolution which included the smaller monkeys, who, in the view of Professor Le Gros Clark, represent an aberrant or sideline of evolution. There is a presumption, he concludes, that both the New World and Old World monkeys 'diverged from the main line of evolution, leading up to the anthropoid apes and Man as far back as the early Oligocene'.² '... The mass of early Tertiary prosimians radiated in a variety of directions in the Eocene, and Oligocene,' says an American anthropologist, 'giving rise to a series of independent groups which have remained independent since their inception. These groups—ignoring prosimians which have continued to persist—are the New World monkeys, the Old World monkeys, the Pongidae [anthropoid apes] and the Hominidae.'³

Belief in the origin of the human body for pre-existing living matter is compatible with the supposition that man has had a much longer independent ancestry than is generally supposed, and in such a supposition a solution which will be widely acceptable may be found. In belying the hopes of ultra-conservative Catholics that an unequivocal condemnation of evolution might have been forthcoming, Pius XII has shown us that he does not regard as

¹ A writer in *THE DUBLIN REVIEW*, 2nd quarter, 1952, p. 63, says: 'Let us affirm once and for all that the present geological evidence for the evolution of man is weak and not at all convincing. . . .' (P. G. Fothergill, *Why Attack Evolution?*) This opinion airily thrown out and unsupported by argument is in direct opposition to the solid mass of expert opinion both non-Catholic and Catholic. Though, as has been said, the evidence falls short of direct proof, nevertheless it would be generally admitted that where any animal other than man was concerned it would be taken as conclusive.

² *History of the Primates*, pp. 57, 58.

³ J. T. Robinson, *The Skull of Proconsul*, *American Journal of Physical Anthropology*, March 1952, p. 11.

having decisive force two objections to the modern view on which its opponents have laid much stress.

One of these objections is that it is repugnant to Christian sentiment and the other is that it conflicts with the plain testimony of Sacred Scripture. The first of these is subjective, being suggested by the exploits of performing monkeys. The second merits more consideration. We must not forget, the Pope tells us, 'that there are certain references to the subject in the sources of divine revelation, which call for the greatest prudence in discussing it'. The book of Genesis contains two accounts of man's creation. That in Chapter I recorded by a hand which modern critics refer to as that of the 'priestly writer' (P) is usually assigned by them to a late date, but it may be much earlier than is generally supposed by the majority of modern scholars. It places the creation of man after the mammals and reptiles on the sixth day though no details of the manner of his creation are recorded. He is however stated to have been made in the image of God, an indication that he belongs to a different order of being from the brutes—over whom he is assigned dominion. God created woman as well as man. She is not a creature of some evil demiurge. The brief narrative, while not of course indicating an evolutionary origin for the human body, which would have been an anachronism, in no way excludes one.

The second chapter of Genesis contains a somewhat fuller account of man's origin. Its author is spoken of by modern scholars as the Yahwist or Jehovist (J) and its date is widely ascribed to the time of Solomon, though it may be earlier. The creation of man seems to take place before that of the lower animals. The narrative creates the impression of being couched in highly figurative language. That it cannot be conclusively cited against the possibility that pre-existing living matter may have been used by God in the creation of man is apparent from the fact that the Pope has pronounced the question to be a still open one.

Some other objections are passed over in silence in *Humani Generis*. The one that an ape cannot be the father of a man may be dismissed as frivolous. When man became man a new order of being emerged, which had in the proper sense no father, and no ancestors. The objection raised by some rigid scholastics that the evolution is a metaphysical impossibility since one species cannot evolve into another is also passed over by the Pope in silence. We are concerned with species in the zoological and not in the meta-

authorities on the subject of palaeolithic man, the Abbé Breuil, the Abbés A. and J. Bouyssonie, Père Teilhard de Chardin and Count Bégouen in France and Dr. Garrod in England all favour the idea of an evolutionary origin of the human body.¹ Something which is, however, especially noteworthy is that this theory has been sympathetically received by the well-known Roman Jesuit Padre Marcozzi in his book *le Origini dell' Uomo* (2nd edition 1944).

On the other hand we should reject the facile supposition that the pedigree of neanthropic man was no more than a gradual ascent from a Tertiary ape through australopithecine, pithecanthropic, sinanthropic, and the Neanderthaloid forms. It is not inconceivable that a common ancestor of the hominid and anthropoid stocks resembled the former more closely than the latter, and that neither passed through a phase of evolution which included the smaller monkeys, who, in the view of Professor Le Gros Clark, represent an aberrant or sideline of evolution. There is a presumption, he concludes, that both the New World and Old World monkeys 'diverged from the main line of evolution, leading up to the anthropoid apes and Man as far back as the early Oligocene'.² '... The mass of early Tertiary prosimians radiated in a variety of directions in the Eocene, and Oligocene,' says an American anthropologist, 'giving rise to a series of independent groups which have remained independent since their inception. These groups—ignoring prosimians which have continued to persist—are the New World monkeys, the Old World monkeys, the Pongidae [anthropoid apes] and the Hominidae.'³

Belief in the origin of the human body for pre-existing living matter is compatible with the supposition that man has had a much longer independent ancestry than is generally supposed, and in such a supposition a solution which will be widely acceptable may be found. In belying the hopes of ultra-conservative Catholics that an unequivocal condemnation of evolution might have been forthcoming, Pius XII has shown us that he does not regard as

¹ A writer in THE DUBLIN REVIEW, 2nd quarter, 1952, p. 63, says: 'Let us affirm once and for all that the present geological evidence for the evolution of man is weak and not at all convincing. . . .' (P. G. Fothergill, *Why Attack Evolution?*) This opinion airily thrown out and unsupported by argument is in direct opposition to the solid mass of expert opinion both non-Catholic and Catholic. Though, as has been said, the evidence falls short of direct proof, nevertheless it would be generally admitted that where any animal other than man was concerned it would be taken as conclusive.

² *History of the Primates*, pp. 57, 58.

³ J. T. Robinson, *The Skull of Proconsul*, *American Journal of Physical Anthropology*, March 1952, p. 11.

having decisive force two objections to the modern view on which its opponents have laid much stress.

One of these objections is that it is repugnant to Christian sentiment and the other is that it conflicts with the plain testimony of Sacred Scripture. The first of these is subjective, being suggested by the exploits of performing monkeys. The second merits more consideration. We must not forget, the Pope tells us, 'that there are certain references to the subject in the sources of divine revelation, which call for the greatest prudence in discussing it'. The book of Genesis contains two accounts of man's creation. That in Chapter I recorded by a hand which modern critics refer to as that of the 'priestly writer' (P) is usually assigned by them to a late date, but it may be much earlier than is generally supposed by the majority of modern scholars. It places the creation of man after the mammals and reptiles on the sixth day though no details of the manner of his creation are recorded. He is however stated to have been made in the image of God, an indication that he belongs to a different order of being from the brutes—over whom he is assigned dominion. God created woman as well as man. She is not a creature of some evil demiurge. The brief narrative, while not of course indicating an evolutionary origin for the human body, which would have been an anachronism, in no way excludes one.

The second chapter of Genesis contains a somewhat fuller account of man's origin. Its author is spoken of by modern scholars as the Yahwist or Jehovist (J) and its date is widely ascribed to the time of Solomon, though it may be earlier. The creation of man seems to take place before that of the lower animals. The narrative creates the impression of being couched in highly figurative language. That it cannot be conclusively cited against the possibility that pre-existing living matter may have been used by God in the creation of man is apparent from the fact that the Pope has pronounced the question to be a still open one.

Some other objections are passed over in silence in *Humani Generis*. The one that an ape cannot be the father of a man may be dismissed as frivolous. When man became man a new order of being emerged, which had in the proper sense no father, and no ancestors. The objection raised by some rigid scholastics that the evolution is a metaphysical impossibility since one species cannot evolve into another is also passed over by the Pope in silence. We are concerned with species in the zoological and not in the meta-

physical sense. A curious objection put forward somewhat hesitatingly by the great biblical scholar Père Lagrange is likewise not considered by Pius XII. It is that if a rational soul were infused into the organism of an adult sub-rational hominid what would become of its previous animal instincts? Surely having served their limited purpose they would be replaced by those which were properly human.

After considering the question of evolution the Holy Father passes on to another which is perhaps less fiercely debated now than was the case in the last century. This is the question of 'polygeny'. Here, says the Sovereign Pontiff, the faithful have no choice, as in the case of evolution. The encyclical condemns two forms of polygenism. 'Christians,' it says, 'cannot lend their support to a theory which involves the existence, after Adam's time, of some earthly race of man, truly so called, who were not ultimately descended from him, or else suppose that Adam was the name of some group of our primordial ancestors.' It will be observed that the Pope does not rule out 'praeadamitism' in all its forms, that is to say he does not condemn it in the sense that there may have once been true men who were not descendants of Adam, provided that they did not survive him, though whether this possibility will be of any service to us in solving difficulties is another matter.

Darwin declared that if evolution was accepted the controversy between monogenists and polygenists lost its meaning. This statement seems however to contain an exaggeration, as even on the evolutionist view the transformation of brute into man may have occurred once or more than once. The advocates of polygenism have laid stress on racial dissimilarities in superficial anatomical characters and on the variety of linguistic families which seem ultimately irreducible to a common stock. Advocates of monogenism draw attention to the fundamental similarity in the workings of the human mind in all races and to the fact that miscegenation or inter-fertility seems unrestricted among them. E. B. Tylor held that among all tribes of man was to be found such general likeness in 'the structure of their bodies and the working of their minds, as is easiest and best accounted for by their being descended from a common ancestry, however distant'.¹

The three primary races which exist today, the Caucasiforms with wavy hair and skin pink or light brown, the Negriforms with spiral or woolly hair and skin dark or very dark brown, and the

¹ *Anthropology*, p. 5.

Mongoliforms with yellow skins and lank or straight hair, would not be regarded by sober anthropologists as constituting more than varieties or subspecies. Their isolation is not complete, as intermediate peoples exist combining in various modes and degrees characteristics of more than one of these races. Sometimes such peoples have been regarded as the result of crossing, and in certain cases this explanation may be probably regarded as correct. Such cases are those of the Polynesians and the Hottentots. Yet in other cases there are grounds for supposing that those peoples in whom the typical racial characters are most marked are not the most archaic. The aborigines of the Americas are now thought of as an offshoot of the Asiatic Mongoliforms, but one most probably dating from a time anterior to that at which these peoples had acquired their most characteristic features, such as the epicanthic fold of skin which gives to the Mongolian eye its peculiar shape. The typical Negriform and the typical Mongoliform are in all probability late products in the story of racial evolution. So also is the fair North European. Though the original racial type has been lost we may conjecture with some degree of plausibility that the existing races of mankind descend from a long-headed stock of medium height with skin varying from dark to light brown, corresponding in some degree to T. H. Huxley's *melanochroi* or 'dark whites' and to Professor Sergi's Mediterranean race. Of this race the Negriforms and Mongoliforms are in all probability specialized offshoots produced by early isolation.

We cannot compare living and extinct races as we can compare living ones with each other unless perchance the body of a palaeolithic man should be found embedded, as a mammoth has been, in the frozen tundra of Siberia and so compel us to modify this statement. But there are grounds for conjecturing that the Cro-Magnon race of the later palaeolithic period in France belonged to the white race since the type seems to persist today in the Plynlimmon district of Wales and the Massif Central of France. It seems probable also that Europe was peopled in upper palaeolithic times by another race akin to the now extinct Bushmen of South Africa. Neanderthal man had the same burial customs as later palaeolithic man and, as has been pointed out, most likely acquired his most pithecoïd traits at the time when he was verging on extinction. If it cannot be rigorously demonstrated, there are nevertheless lacking solid objections to the view that all European races back to mid-palaeolithic times—the Neanderthal, Steinheim,

Swanscombe, Fontéchevade and Piltdown types may descend from a common stock.

We cannot speak with equal confidence of *Pithecanthropus* and *Sinanthropus*. That they were true men possessing the use of reason and not merely animals of high intelligence, capable of performing more complicated actions than any living animal could perform, seems a conclusion which is inescapable owing to Peking man's knowledge of the use of fire. But we cannot say positively whether they shared with ourselves a common ancestry which we should regard as fully human or whether there were at a remote period beings of rational nature who did not fall under the curse of original sin. In the present state of our knowledge we cannot answer this question with absolute certainty.

The doctrine of original sin does not exclude the possibility that the first men may have been more pithecoïd in appearance than later races, though such discoveries as those of Piltdown and Fontéchevade should make us hesitate before assuming this to have been the case. All that the doctrine of original sin rigorously requires us to hold is that man possessed at the beginning sufficient knowledge of the difference between good and evil to enable him to make a choice between them. The view that Adam and Eve were intellectually immature was not unknown in the Anti-Nicene Church. In later times the view that Adam, in addition to being possessed of sanctifying grace, was possessed of a high degree of intellectual endowments came to the fore. This view is by no means excluded by our enlarged knowledge of primitive man. Neanthropic man may for aught we know be as old as the primitive inhabitants of China and Java. The human form may have possessed in primitive times a degree of plasticity which it has since lost.

As has already been indicated, anthropology, while it may illuminate the question whether mankind descends from one or more than one primitive group, cannot throw light on whether it derives from a single pair. If it descends from more than one group *a fortiori* it descends from more than one pair. But if it has a monogenistic root, in the sense of possessing only one ancestral group, it does not thereby follow that it had only one pair of ancestors. Nor does the book of Genesis rigidly impose such a conclusion, since admittedly families, tribes and nations are personified in the Old Testament so that there is no logical objection to such a literary artifice being employed in the case of man himself. On the other

hand we have no grounds for supposing that the idea that mankind does derive from a single pair was something in any way foreign to the minds of either of the writers in Genesis.

Polygenism in either of its forms does not exclude a belief in original sin, but, as the encyclical *Humani Generis* reminds us, polygenism is inconsistent with that form of the doctrine which is guaranteed to us by tradition and proposed to us by the Church.¹ Both St. Paul² and the Council of Trent³ presuppose original sin to be the result of a sin committed by one man and a quality native to us all, only because it has been handed down by descent from him. In spite of all the assertions to the contrary made during the last ninety years the Catholic doctrine of original sin remains unshaken by hostile criticism, though whether the Encyclical *Humani Generis* contains a dogmatic definition it is for professed theologians to say.

¹ The opposite view, now abandoned, was tentatively put forward in the article *Polygénisme* in the *Dictionnaire de la Théologie Catholique*.

² Romans v, 12-19.

³ Session v, can. 1-4.

CATHOLIC MYTHS AND FRENCH POLITICS

By J. M. CAMERON

POLITICAL philosophy is a provokingly difficult subject. It is situated on the frontiers of a number of more precisely delimited subjects: ethics, history, epistemology, metaphysics, theology. The acknowledged masterpieces in the field—*The Republic*, *Leviathan*, Rousseau's *Social Contract*—sufficiently illustrate this point. Indeed, we might well think Plato talked great nonsense about the *polis* without this diminishing very much the value we put upon *The Republic*. Those who are so courageous as to write upon the subject today and who go beyond the analysis and criticism of the work of others to express their own judgements of value, or who place themselves at the service of a doctrine, run formidable risks. They are likely to be attacked on philosophical grounds: their metaphysics will be untenable, their ethics pernicious and ill-thought-out, their historical generalizations too selective, their theology one-sided or non-existent, and their use of the logic of political concepts messy. All the same, philosophizing about politics is not an optional activity, like chess or wine-tasting. Even if, like so many provincial Frenchmen, we think politics *une blague* and the men of politics *fumistes*, we hold a political philosophy in the sense that we are committed to a general view of politics. And those who write on political philosophy are likely to be attacked on other grounds than philosophical. They are likely to be attacked as lending their support to bad causes; and if there are others who cheer them on as supporters of good causes, this applause will often prove as painful as the jeers of the critics.

If these are the perils of writing on political philosophy in general, to write on French political philosophy—in particular that of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—is an even more desperate project. It is greatly to Mr. Béla Menczer's credit that these considerations have not deterred him from putting together

his stimulating, though strangely and misleadingly titled, book.¹ It consists of an essay on Christian political philosophy, with special reference to French thinkers of the period since the Reformation; and a series of short extracts from the works of Joseph de Maistre, the Vicomte de Bonald, Chateaubriand, Balzac (the novelist), Schlegel, Metternich, Donoso Cortés, Balmes, and Louis Veuillot. What these writers have to say makes up, so Mr. Menczer believes, a continuity of doctrine of which on the whole he approves and wishes us to approve as well.

What are we being asked to approve of? And what is Mr. Menczer saying in his prefatory essay? And has the title of the book been chosen to convey the impression that Metternich and Balzac are *Catholic* philosophers, whereas Rosmini and Lacordaire (the latter 'a surprisingly conciliatory defender of the Faith',² according to Mr. Menczer) are only 'Catholic'? I find these questions very hard to answer.

There is a certain level of generality at which any Catholic able to string words together will, when writing on politics, talk better sense than even an exceptionally intelligent non-Catholic. I perceive, the Catholic may say, that in your schemes for social improvement you fail to recognize the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the rule of Divine Providence, the truths of the Natural Law, the pre-eminence of the supernatural virtues, the teaching authority of the Church. . . . My friend, these are truths of the greatest importance for the temporal and eternal happiness of mankind. If you neglect them your schemes will turn out quite differently from what you expect; and you yourself will cut a remarkably poor figure on the Day of Judgement.

All this is true. But the really interesting question is what inferences the person who speaks like this considers he is entitled to make from these truths when he addresses himself to questions of a lower level of generality—the role of the French monarchy, the administration of the Papal States, the procedure of the Inquisition, or a scheme for regulating the price of beans. Catholics have often thought there was a logical connexion between their major premisses and this or that view of past or contemporary politics; whereas there can be little doubt that the connexion has been sociological and psychological. One presumes that very few Cath-

¹ *Catholic Political Thought 1789-1848*. Texts selected, with an Introduction and biographical notes, by Béla Menczer. (Burns Oates. 18s.)

² Menczer, p. 46, footnote 3.

olics today would wish to defend the disgraceful attitude of most articulate French Catholics during the Dreyfus agitation; and this because it is now plain that the then Catholic attitude had no connexion with Catholic faith and doctrine but is to be explained in sociological and historical terms. Even if it had turned out that Dreyfus was after all guilty, the attitude of French Catholics would still have been a contingent fact of history, like the addiction of the Fuggers to high rates of interest or the artistic taste of those who erected the basilica at Lourdes. My difficulty with Mr. Menczer's argument is that very often, in spite of the excellent things he says from time to time, he seems to me to confuse Catholic attitudes which are contingent facts of history, perhaps admirable, perhaps not, with those attitudes which spring from Catholic faith and doctrine in an altogether stricter way. Much of what he has to say seems to me the commendation of certain Catholic *myths*, in the sense in which Sorel uses the term.¹ To see these myths—mixtures of images, slogans, theological tags, and what have you—for what they are is a matter of some importance. Mythical thinking has played an important and disastrous part in Catholic politics and may yet ruin the prospects of the Christian Democratic parties in Europe.

The first myth which Mr. Menczer seems to wish to commend is a special view of the place of France in world history: *gesta Dei per Francos*. It is, of course, true—no one would wish to question it—that the role of France in European history, and in the history of the Church, is one of the greatest importance. France has frequently been the theological battle-ground and the political laboratory of Europe. Mr. Menczer does not suggest that the French are the chosen people of the New Law; but he does argue that 'the preservation, restoration and the final triumph of French unity under Henry IV, Richelieu and Louis XIV, became one of the most significant events in Christendom, one of the greatest periods in the annals of European mankind. It was a secular event, but one which Bossuet—the mouthpiece of his century and

¹ '... it is necessary to make an appeal to *ensembles* of images capable of evoking *en bloc* and by intuition alone, in advance of all reflective analysis, the mass of feelings that correspond to the various manifestations of the war carried on by socialism against modern society.' Georges Sorel, *Réflexions sur la violence*, cited in *Georges Sorel Prophet without Honour*. By Richard Humphrey. (Harvard University Press. London: Geoffrey Cumberlege. 25s.) Mr. Humphrey's is a useful and well-documented study of this unduly neglected thinker. He tries too assiduously to link Sorel with the Pragmatism of James and Dewey and attempts an unfortunate psycho-analytic exegesis of Sorel. But his book 'fills a gap'.

nation, and by no means an isolated man of genius—interpreted as of the greatest religious significance. . . .¹

This strikes me as a strange historical perspective. It leads Mr. Menczer to celebrate some very dubious aspects of this period in French history. Pascal, for example, is portrayed for us as 'the most powerful master of the religious argument in defence of the social order'.² Certainly he offered powerful arguments in favour of putting up with the existing social order simply because it existed and on the grounds that to attempt to disturb it would produce even worse evils than it entailed and that in any case the attempt to embody justice in institutions and social practices was folly.³ This is not so stupid an argument as some liberals and socialists would think; but it is not a Christian argument; it is in fact very close to the argument of Thomas Hobbes. That Mr. Menczer should think this a *religious* argument and one in defence of social order suggests that the myth of the 'great century' has subdued his powers of criticism. Far from meeting, as, on this point, Mr. Menczer suggests he did, the challenge of Descartes and Montaigne, Pascal here shows himself infected with the same spirit. The plain fact surely is—to speak more crudely than Mr. Menczer usually permits himself to do—that in this period of ferocious religious warfare shot through with power politics of the purest kind, so that Princes of the Church in the service of the French Crown did not hesitate to ally themselves with Protestants and Muslims if by so doing they could weaken or destroy other Catholic powers, it seemed to many sensible men, such as Pascal and Hobbes, that security was the only thing that mattered and that the attempt to 'moralize' the life of politics was mischievous.

Of course, there is in Pascal very much more than an ironical approval of absolutism springing out of a fear of anarchy. All that Pascal had in common with the Jansenists, notably the extreme view of the consequences of the Fall, a view which naturally led him to deny that there is in man a *lumen naturale* by which he can apply the principles of the Natural Law to the concrete political order, urged him towards a quasi-Hobbesian theory. Like Burke, he defends positive law by appealing to prescription; unlike Burke, he has no sense of the norms immanent in social development; and if he asks us to obey positive law simply on the ground that it is, he does so as a moralist urging us to submit ourselves to

¹ Menczer, p. 12.

² Ibid., p. 18.

³ Cf. *Pensées*, 291 ff. in the Brunschvicg Edition.

the evil which God permits. Not only is this set out plainly in the *Pensées* and in the *Trois Discours sur la Condition des Grands*; it has also been exhaustively discussed by recent writers.¹ In his treatment of Pascal Mr. Menczer is guilty of a fault which spoils much else in his Introduction: that of delivering his interpretations, in the form of generalizations which often sound agreeable or intriguing, at too great a distance from the texts he is purporting to discuss.

Again, Mr. Menczer can write, in commending the views of Balzac as those of a man of 'healthy faith'² [Mr. Menczer's italics], that 'their hidden theological intelligence' gave Talleyrand, Fouché and Siyès 'the gift of statesmanship'.³ No doubt it is also significant that Stalin, if not a renegade priest, is at least a former ecclesiastical student; though how much 'hidden theological intelligence' he uncovers from time to time it would be hard to determine.

It is strange that in his Introduction Mr. Menczer covers the development of political philosophy from Bossuet down to Bloy and Péguy (these latter are somehow brought within the canon of Catholic thinkers who are to be approved, though it is not clear, and Mr. Menczer does not explain, how this is to be understood: one can imagine Péguy's pungent comments on finding himself in the company of Louis Veuillot) without saying very much about Rousseau. Something is said about Voltaire who, a monarchist and an admirer of despotism with the right people in charge, almost qualifies for inclusion in Mr. Menczer's canon; but Rousseau is dismissed with the remark that he tried 'to prove that man is intrinsically better than the society which surrounds him'.⁴ This is not good enough in serious work. Certainly there is much in Rousseau which could be understood in this sense; but Rousseau is a very great if unsystematic political philosopher; and to dismiss him in a casual aside is not only unjust, it is to miss the point of political philosophy in this period.

... Ce passage de l'état de nature à l'état civil produit dans l'homme un changement très remarquable, en substituant dans sa conduite la justice à l'instinct, et donnant à ses actions la moralité que leur manquait auparavant. C'est alors seulement que la voix du devoir

¹ E.g. Erich Auerbach, 'The Triumph of Evil in Pascal', *The Hudson Review*, Vol. IV, No. 1; and Jacques Maritain, 'The Political Ideas of Pascal', in *Redeeming the Time*, 1943. Mr. Menczer mentions Maritain's argument but neither examines nor meets it.

² Menczer, p. 110.

³ Ibid., p. 109.

⁴ Ibid., p. 53.

succédant à l'impulsion physique et le droit à l'appétit, l'homme, qui jusque-là n'avait regardé que lui-même, se voit forcé d'agir sur d'autres principes, et de consulter sa raison avant d'écarter ses penchants. Quoiqu'il se prive dans cet état de plusieurs avantages qu'il tient de la nature, il en regagne de si grands, ses facultés s'exercent et se développent, ses idées s'étendent, ses sentiments s'ennoblissent, son âme toute entière s'élève à tel point que, si les abus de cette nouvelle condition ne le dégradèrent souvent au-dessous de celle dont il est sorti, il devrait bénir sans cesse l'instant heureux qui l'en arracha pour jamais, et qui, d'un animal stupide et borné, fit un être intelligent et un homme.¹

One would have to be tone-deaf not to pick out here a note which is sounded very clearly in Aristotle and St. Thomas and which is sounded not at all by the Catholic writers of the old régime and only very weakly by some of the writers printed in Mr. Menczer's anthology. The French monarchy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was a denial of political community in the classical sense. As a régime it represents, just as much as the Prussia of Frederick the Great, a radical break with the classical and mediaeval political tradition. In this respect Louis XIV is the successor not of St. Louis but of Philip the Fair. Bossuet and Pascal simply do not see this. It is foolish to apportion blame or to suppose that a little more intelligence or a few happy accidents could have changed all this. But when we analyse and interpret the past it is partly with a view to ordering matters better now and in the future. To commend the apologists of absolutism and to puff those writers of the nineteenth century who ache with nostalgia for the old régime is to risk encouraging dangerous illusions. Rousseau's greatness lies in his perceiving that centralized despotism is a denial of political community. This is why so disinterested an observer as Professor Sabine calls the chapter of his *History of Political Theory* which deals with Rousseau 'The Rediscovery of the Community'.² It is true Rousseau's attempt to work out the logic of political community contained potentially worse evils than the despotism he criticized; but this was in some measure a consequence of the sterility of Catholic political philosophy in his period.

Mr. Menczer would have contributed a more balanced Introduction to a more comprehensive (or differently titled) anthology if he had remembered the old tag that 'St. Thomas was the first

¹ *Du Contrat Social*, Ch. viii.

² G. H. Sabine, *A History of Political Theory*, n.d. Ch. xxviii.

Whig'. One of the great paradoxes of the history of political philosophy is that the tradition of Catholic thought in these matters persisted not in the Catholic areas of Europe but in England. This paradox is not a discovery of the present age. Acton—it is sad that Mr. Menczer can find room in his anthology for von Schlegel and Metternich but not for Acton¹—saw this nearly a hundred years ago.

. . . I think there is a philosophy of politics to be derived from Catholicism on the one hand and from the principles of our constitution on the other. . . . I conceive it possible to appeal at once to the example and interest of the Church and to the true notion of the English constitution. . . . I think that the true notion of a Christian State, and the latent notion of the constitution coincide and complete each other.²

Just as Mr. Menczer fails to bring out the *discontinuity* between seventeenth-century French thought and that of the Middle Ages, so—and for the same reasons—he fails to bring out the *continuity* of the revolutionary régimes and of the Empire with the old régime. Very naturally, those who were linked by ties of family interest with the old nobility failed to see this; but they might have reflected that the purging of aristocrats began under the monarchy and that if the old régime denied the bourgeoisie access to political responsibility the nobility had fared very little better.

The second myth which may be given fresh currency by Mr. Menczer's book is a simplified and simple-minded view of what the revolutionary conflict from 1789 onwards was about. It is really the great myth of the Enlightenment turned upside down. Whereas the men of the Enlightenment believed that the distresses under which they suffered were contrived by malignant or ill-instructed kings and crafty priests, the reactionaries of the nineteenth century believed at bottom that the Revolution was the work of a handful of Illuminati and Freemasons manipulating public opinion through the press and the political parties. (There is, of course, a strong resemblance between these myths and certain of the myths of our own day, notably the myth of the Jewish world conspiracy.) Metternich was a very sophisticated

¹ Mr. Menczer does mention Acton in complimentary terms, and as his *terminus ad quem* is 1848 perhaps he excluded him with regret. But he is willing to stretch his period slightly to include the writings of Cortés and Veuillot from which he quotes.

² Acton (*aetat* 24) to Richard Simpson, 16 February, 1858, cited in David Mathew, *Acton*, 1946, p. 165.

man and what he writes is often shrewd and penetrating. But when he advises the European governments to 'reduce the doctrines within their States to silence, and . . . show their contempt for those who are beyond their frontiers',¹ he is simplifying his problem in the light of the myth; and this was a practical as well as a theoretical mistake. The same myth is to be found in Balzac's aphorism: 'There are no more than fifty or sixty dangerous men in a nation, whose minds are on a level with their ambitions. The secret of government is to know who these men are, so that they can be either executed or bought.'² (What exquisitely Christian advice to offer to the rulers—bribe or kill!)

What I have written so far has been an attempt to correct what strikes me as likely to be the general impression of Catholic political thought the less sophisticated reader may derive from Mr. Menczer's book. I should like to make it plain that although, in my judgement, the book is remarkable for its one-sidedness, it all the same contains some excellent things not readily available and some acute observations by Mr. Menczer himself. Most of the writings from which he quotes are hard to come by outside the bigger libraries. Joseph de Maistre and the Vicomte de Bonald resemble Marsilius of Padua and William of Ockham in that books and lectures on political philosophy always refer to them but students scarcely ever read them. De Maistre is a writer of superb gifts who deserves to be more widely known in this country. Cortés and Balmes too are plainly of the first importance; and Friedrich von Schlegel's *Lectures on the Philosophy of History*—though Mr. Menczer surely exaggerates in calling the eighteenth lecture 'the foremost document of the political theory of a whole era of German and European history'³—deserve to be read by the readers of Collingwood and Toynbee.

In referring to the insurrection of 10 August 1792 Mr. Plamenatz, in his new study of the revolutionary tradition in France from 1815 to the Commune,⁴ says that 'thus was created one of the oldest of European revolutionary traditions: that of the organized minority enforcing the "will of the people" against their

¹ Menczer, p. 154.

²Ibid., p. 113.

³ In the lecture which Mr. Menczer thus commends Schlegel attacks the Illuminati and secret societies generally, and he attempts to strengthen his attack by alleging that the Church from the beginning differed from the pagan mysteries in making no distinction between initiates and others and in having no secret rites. This is just not true.

⁴ *The Revolutionary Movement in France 1815-1871*. By John Plamenatz. (Longmans. 16s.)

elected representatives'.¹ Perhaps this was not the moment of creation; some of the revolutionaries were close students of ancient history and of the Great Rebellion in England, both of which offer examples of the use of organized mass pressure in a capital city; but it provided a revolutionary pattern which appears again and again in French history and which was studied by Lenin and Trotsky, who throughout the weeks between February and October saw themselves in the glass of the great Revolution and the Commune.² As Mr. Plamenatz's study shows, what in the end always defeated the radical groups among the revolutionaries in France was the coalition of the peasantry and the bourgeoisie which, in the end, the pressure of revolutionary Paris created. This was so in Thermidor, in 1848, and in 1871. It was through a study of this development that Marx and Engels transformed their conception of the proletarian dictatorship. In the late 'forties and the 'fifties they envisage the proletarian revolution as being carried through, at least in its first stages, in two ways. It will either be carried through in alliance with at least considerable sections of the bourgeoisie—this was anticipated in Germany; or it will be carried through in the course of the struggle for parliamentary reform—this interpretation was derived from the experience of Chartism in England. By the 'seventies all this is changed, and changed in response to the misfortunes of the proletarian movement in France. Engels concluded from his study of the Commune that the proletariat cannot lay hold of the bourgeois State-machine and use it for its own purposes: it must shatter the bourgeois State and replace it with institutions created in the course of the revolutionary struggle.³ This is another way of saying that the dictatorship of the proletariat is only conceivable, in any country in which the proletariat is not an absolute majority of the population, as the rule of a minority over the nation. Henceforward the task is to confuse the bourgeoisie and the peasantry, or to make tactical alliances with disaffected sections of these two groups, so that at any cost the building-up of the fatal coalition can be avoided. It was the practical genius of Lenin which saw that effectively to organize the proletarian minority it was necessary to create a

¹ Plamenatz, p. 11.

² See, for example, Trotsky's discussion of 'dual power' in his *History of the Russian Revolution*, translated from the Russian by Max Eastman, 1934, pp. 226-8; and the linking of the events of July 1917 with alleged parallels from the first French Revolution, from 1848, and from the Commune, in *Ibid.*, pp. 588-91.

³ Cf Karl Marx, *The Civil War in France*, with an Introduction by Frederick Engels, 1933, pp. 17 ff.

political party of a type not envisaged by Marx and Engels; and even then only the singular weakness and futility of the Russian bourgeoisie and the military preoccupations of the Allied and Central Powers provided the conditions for a Bolshevik victory. All the same, France is once again the political laboratory in which the crucial experiments are performed, experiments which provide grounds for the hypotheses proposed by the professional students of revolution.

The Marxists see only half the picture; but the half they see is there. The technological revolutions and the shattering social changes of the latter part of the eighteenth century and the nineteenth century are among the decisive conditions under which alone the political revolutions of the period could have taken place. Had the Reformation never occurred, it is hard to imagine that technological and social changes of such scope and depth would have spared the social order or that the social order would have been modified without violence. English conditions, it will be generally admitted, were exceptional; and it is important to recognize that even the relatively peaceful transformation of the social and political order in England was only possible through the settlement that followed the civil wars of the seventeenth century and through the exporting of a good many social tensions to Ireland and the American continent. Most of the Catholic thinkers included in Mr. Menczer's volume simply do not understand what is happening in the nineteenth century. For them Protestantism, the men of the Enlightenment and the unrestricted use of the printing press are responsible for all that happens. They have no sense that the development of industrial capitalism confronts them with a highly complex situation over which it is useless to cry, Woe! Woe! The Marxian children of this world were in this respect better informed if not wiser than the children of light; or perhaps the root trouble was that Metternich and Balzac were too much children of a decrepit world (which they mistook for a Christian order) to be able to look clearly at the new world in which they lived.¹

Mr. Plamenatz is not writing the history of France between 1815 and 1871: he is writing the history of the revolutionary movements. As one follows the story from Robespierre to Thiers

¹ What Balzac failed to see as an amateur political philosopher and a moralist, he saw with wonderful clarity as a novelist. It is perhaps worth noting that Balzac was Marx's favourite novelist, though he almost shared the honour with the author of *Les Mystères de Paris*!

—‘that monstrous gnome’, as Marx called him—one perceives that in certain respects the revolutionaries, like their opponents, failed to see the character of the period through which they were living. They were, almost without exception, romantics and in this as in so many other respects they showed themselves the children of Rousseau, though of the Rousseau of the *Confessions*, of *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, and of the *Discours sur l'inégalité*, rather than of the author of *Du Contrat Social*. This is brought out very strikingly by Dr. Owen Evans in his richly documented study of what he calls ‘social romanticism’ in France.¹ George Sand, Pierre Leroux, Fourier, all had been enchanted by Rousseau’s hypnotic style. But the nineteenth century viewed from Bohemia is as fantastically misunderstood as it is by the defenders of the Bourbons. Indeed, both groups, though the remedies they propound for social evils are different, share a common romantic attitude. What they failed to see was that in the doctrine of the General Will and in the identification of liberty with authority, and in the rule of the Convention and the Committee of Public Safety and of Napoleon III, there appears for the first time in the modern world an approach to the problems of politics which means that the issues dividing—or appearing to divide—conservatives from revolutionaries, the Right from the Left, the Monarchists from the Republicans, the *bien pensants* from the free thinkers, are virtually dead. The one thinker of the period—at least in France and among the professional students of politics²—who perceives that quite new problems are springing up, the problems of the mass age, is Tocqueville;³ but he does not commend himself to the passionate partisans of either group. Beside even the ablest of Mr. Menczer’s heroes—Joseph de Maistre, Cortés, Balmes—he appears a giant and, in the field of political analysis, the wisest man of his time.

¹ *Social Romanticism in France 1830-1848*. By David Owen Evans. (Oxford. 12s. 6d.,

² It is the novelists and the mad philosophers and the great historians—Dostoevsky) Kierkegaard, Burckhardt, Acton—who best understand the period.

³ Cf. J. P. Mayer, *Prophet of the Mass Age*. 1939. Mr. Mayer’s study—it appeared in an unfortunate year—has never received the attention it deserves.

SIGRID UNDSET, 1882—1948

A Study

By NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

South of the river stood Saint Olav's Church . . . and thither they must go to mass tomorrow . . . In former days, when the Norwegians sailed their own merchandise to London town, this had been their church.

—From *The Master of Hestviken*

I

TWO years after Sigrid Undset was born in 1882 her parents left Kallundborg in Denmark. They moved to Christiania (now Oslo) and there, as she records in her autobiographical volume, *The Longest Years* (1934),¹ she spent a comparatively happy youth. Her father, a renowned archaeologist, died when she was eleven, but because she was a girl endowed with a wisdom much beyond her years she was able later to present with sympathetic understanding, if not agreement, the ideas of her father's colleagues. For those colleagues were amongst the leading Norwegians of the day and the climate of their conversation was philosophical Liberalism. Ibsen, Strindberg, Björnson and Georg Brandes, the Danish literary critic, were for them the great emancipators, and the century on whose threshold they stood they believed would be the nonpareil in the history of the world. (In England, in the early 'nineties, the same spirit reigned until Oscar Wilde's trial broke it in such a way that it could never again become fully resurgent: shocking as a fine art was over because 'avant-garde' ideas became 'progressive' ideas.)

So it was that Sigrid Undset's youth was spent among those who saw faith as a destroyer of man's reason, an obstacle in the way of scientific discovery. Yet if the general climate was philosophical

¹ Throughout I use the dates of original publication, but in the case of titles stick to the titles under which English translations have appeared.

Liberalism, and this its heyday, it was of a special Scandinavian dye: it was different from that prevailing in Europe because less extreme, more moderate—in fact Liberal. The Marxist intellectual or Latin Catholic of Europe had definite answers, definite philosophies to propound: the Scandinavian—be he Norwegian, Swedish or Finnish—had none. Nominally if he was a Neo-Protestant he did not recognize sin and if, which was more likely, he was a rationalist he hoped for the greater spread of education, seeing sin largely as a myth fostered by an illiterate peasantry. This two-way approach of stating a problem perhaps reached its most cramping when Strindberg declared: 'Have we not brought up our problems for discussion, only to confess ourselves unknowing?' For this is a cry into the darkness—a cry on a two-way principle which asks one question simply to pose another. Maybe it can solely be complemented, not answered, by Ibsen's cry in his last play: 'When we dead awaken we realize that we have never lived.'

The dilemmas inherent in these cries were also inherent in Sigrid Undset's early books. Her father's death had forced her family into tight economic circumstances and when she was sixteen she was compelled to work in an office along with a number of girls of her own age. But the experience was rewarding: the problems she had heard discussed second-hand by her father's colleagues she now encountered first-hand; but, unlike her father's colleagues, because she was a woman her approach was different. *Jenny* (1911) and *Springtime* (1914) are studies of girls at the turn of the century placed in predicaments similar to her own, living in lodgings in reduced circumstances, eking out an existence, frustrated and pent-up: they long for 'affairs', free-love associations and idly daydream of being rich courtesans. Yet in their dreams, as in fact, such relationships they cannot take lightly because they are too moral and, when they do, they pay the penalty of disillusionment.

Jenny is an artist. With Gunnar Heiberg¹ and others (the book reflects the Scandinavian artistic scene indirectly) she accepts art and love as anti-social concepts that have nothing to do with the hearth and home. Instead, trying to make the best of two worlds, Jenny attempts to remain both an artist by not

¹ A Norwegian dramatist, essayist and critic who was born in 1857 and died in 1929. Helge Krog has called him 'the first trueborn European in Norwegian literature'.

marrying and to satisfy her femininity by taking a lover. She conceives a child and, a little while after the child's birth, commits suicide; but the novel is not quite straightforward pagan tragedy. There are Christian implications in it, because her own death is prompted by her child's death: in *Jenny* there are hints of Kristin, although when one makes this kind of critical comment one must be wary of falling a victim to the criticism of literary predestination. *Kristin Lavransdatter* (1920-22) shows the working-out of sin; *Jenny* the working-out of a pagan outlook to its logical conclusion, so that in retrospect if one places the two novels together it is because time allows the critic such backward glances. In 1911 a reader would have been nearest the mark who saw *Jenny's* failure as the tragedy of a girl who half-consciously experiments with love and, remaining inwardly an essentially moral woman, when it is too late fails to meet love's obligations as a mother and protector of a home. True, taking a backward glance, one might from another context make another judgement, quoting an extract from Sigrid Undset's *Saga of Saints* (1934), and add:

We easily forget that real pagan joy in life was almost always strongly tinged with pessimism in one form or another. The refusal of Christianity to admire Lucifer is, to devout pagan minds, one of its most repellent traits. Christianity will make no concessions to man's longing for the rapture of death and the frenzy of ruin. Its anti-pessimism may have irritated those who were naturally simple or naïve and incited them to opposition: for optimism does not come easily to one who has delved deeply into human nature, unless he can put his trust in something which is beyond the life he knows.

Yet such truths as these cannot be made explicitly in fiction, but must remain implicit since it is this trapfall which Sigrid Undset does not entirely avoid in her later novels such as *The Wild Orchid* (1929) and its sequel, *The Burning Bush* (1930). But in *Jenny* she was stating problems, not resolving them. If women won their emancipation to work on equal terms with men would they still continue to be wives and mothers as they had been in the past?—that was the question. Or would they fail as *Jenny* or, like *Nora* in *The Doll's House*, would they slam the doors on their homes? History might provide the answer. Sigrid Undset as well as being a contemporary novelist decided to become (in the best sense of that abused phrase) a historical novelist. Two years prior to *Jenny* she has already made one excursion into that field.

Gunnar's Daughter (1909) is a long short story written in saga style: it is somewhat experimental in tone and shows, when one contrasts it with her subsequent historical novels, an author fashioning language for her own purposes. The following passage is a fair example of her first attempt.

I know not what to make of it, said Ljot, and I scarcely think he can do much. But it so chanced that there was a clean-lived man south in Denmark who helped me and healed an ugly and putrid wound I had got in the leg: he would take no other reward, and so I let him baptize me rather than offend him.

There is a certain rough quality here, but read at long stretches it tends to be monotonous: there is a lack of pliability and one feels that it is a prose intended for the story-teller who, after a day's game hunting, returns with his companions to sit the night out in his log cabin, the fire blazing and the sound of water lapping without cease against the banks of his fjord.

During the First World War Sigrid Undset covered little fresh ground. She wrote two volumes of modern tales and retold the story of King Arthur's romances: she also published a critical study of the Brontës and a collection of essays on women's emancipation. If there is one factor which is common to this phase in her career, then it may be said to lie in her religious approach to ethical problems because these years, as it were, acted as a time of preparation. Philosophical Liberalism might still be the prevailing climate, but Europe seen from a country which was neutral presented a battlefield in which, though outwardly the issues involved might seem territorial, inwardly the issues were spiritual.¹ Never in Europe's history has the spirit of two decades vanished away so quickly as the first twenty years of the twentieth century. For a spectator, therefore, nourished on Liberal allegiances it was not surprising to find the very principal tenets of Liberalism being tested and being found wanting. Again, if as I suggested at the beginning of this study, Liberalism was more Liberal in the Northern Countries than in Europe where in the first place it had to break down the centuries old tradition of Latin Catholicism and

¹ An indication that the situation has changed—though perhaps not for the better—is brought out when Europeans, asked to comment on what has effected Europe most during the first half of the present century, invariably reply that it is war. In actual fact, as time will show, it is the success of the Russian Revolution in 1917. But this is truth better comprehended today outside of Europe for there the matter is seen more objectively—possibly because there are fewer distractions caused by personal memories of bombing, being occupied or under fire to blur the historical perspective.

in the second place the new rising ideas of Marxism, then to such a spectator, led to believe that she lived in a century which would be the nonpareil in history, it is not especially strange to find that she might have doubts about the claim. At her father's house often enough she had heard discussed earlier societies and previous ages and in a girl of such perception it must have struck her forcibly that, though men learn from the past, human nature does not change: the same mistakes keep on recurring: the First World War, then waging, was proof of that; and her approach was always through people to ideas. If, thus casting back in her mind, she came more and more to think of the mediaeval world, it was primarily of its people: they seemed to her a comparatively happy people, and as a novelist, having conjured those people in her mind and then thinking as those people would have thought, she arrived by this process at an acute examination of the faith that lay behind their thought. She saw in their lives reasonable contentment (not at all the same thing as perfection) and where there is contentment she realized that Liberalism, with its strong accent on progress, can make no strides. As Mr. W. Gore Allen has succinctly put it: 'I do not think that it is merely being wise after the event to ascribe this original historical inquiry to a revolt against Liberalism—a revolt whose final implications Sigrid Undset could not have foreseen at the time in question.'¹

II

The trilogy, *Kristin Lavransdatter*, like its successor the tetralogy, *The Master of Hestviken* (1925-27), is a study of the working-out of sin: in the first book, of fornication; in the second book, of murder. Yet in the life of Kristin, as in the life of Olav, God writes straight with crooked lines—even with their sins. But there is this difference between these books and other historical novels covering the same period.² Sigrid Undset does not write of famous men

¹ See also *Renaissance in the North*, by W. Gore Allen (1946). Mr. Gore Allen is one of Sigrid Undset's most perceptive English critics.

² In *The Mind and Heart of Love* (1945) another comparison which is worth quoting is made between modern and mediaeval sagas. Father Martin D'Arcy writes: 'The difference caused by the absence of the supernatural is unmistakable, and can be easily seen, for example, [between] two such novels as Sigrid Undset's *Kristin Lavransdatter* and Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*. In both men and women toil and suffer, love and grow exalted, and evil seems to conquer, as the seasons come and go year after year; but in the one the sin and suffering and death take place under a living Providence, and the ravages of time are redeemed in some mystery of love; whereas in the other there is no hope.' It is to this comment, incidentally, that I owe my first interest in Sigrid Undset.

or famous events of either the twelfth or fourteenth century: instead she is prepared to present families and their friends and into such a background project the stories of their souls and the effects of grace. She is a novelist much closer to Manzoni than Tolstoi, for as in *The Betrothed* everywhere the presence of grace is pervasive, but nowhere emphatic. Everything is executed under the shadow of the Cross and this, because she has approached her subject through her characters, she has been able to achieve without making a reader think he is being indoctrinated by Catholic apologetic. Between the natural and supernatural the transitions are easy—as these two quotations may show. First, Kristin in love; second, Kristin pregnant.

Once, while she was looking at the dark head that lay in her lap, between her hands, something bygone flashed on her mind. It stood out, clear yet distant, as a homestead far away on a mountain slope may start to sight of a sudden, from out dark clouds, when a sun-beam strikes it on a stormy day. And it was as though there welled up in her heart all the tenderness Arne Gyrdson had once begged for, while, as yet, she did not understand his words. With timid passion, she drew the man up to her and laid his head upon her breast, kissing him as if afraid he should be taken from her. And when she saw his head upon her arm, she felt as though she clasped a child—she hid his eyes with one of her hands, and showered little kisses upon his mouth and cheek.

She was heavy at heart with unrest and fear, but she tried to forget it in work. One thing was that she understood not Erlend [i.e. her husband]—even now he seemed to suspect nothing. But another and a worse trouble was that she should feel no life in the child she bore within her. At twenty weeks it should quicken, she knew—and now more than three weeks over the twenty had gone by. She lay awake at night and felt the burden within her that grew greater and heavier, but it was still as dull and lifeless as ever. And there floated through her mind all she had heard of children that were born crippled, with sinews stiff as stone, of births that had come to light without limbs—with scarce a semblance of human shape. Before her tight-shut eyes would pass pictures of little infants, dreadfully misshapen; one shape of horror melting into another still worse. Southward in the dale at home, at Lidstad, the folks had a child—nay, it must be grown up now. Her father had seen it, but would never speak of it; she had marked that he grew ill at ease if anyone but named aught of it. What did it look like?—Oh, no! Holy Saint Olav, pray for me!—She needs must trust firmly on the holy King's tender mercy; had she not placed her child under his ward? She would suffer for her sins in meekness, and with her whole heart have faith that there would be help and mercy for the child.

It must be the Enemy himself that tempted her with these ugly visions, to drive her to despair. But her nights were evil . . . If a child had no limbs, if it were palsied, like enough the mother would feel no sign of life within her . . . Erlend, half waking, marked that his wife was restless, drew her closer into his arms, and laid his face against the hollow of her throat.

In each extract there is a steady stateliness which in the second suddenly blazes with an intensity of feeling and then dies away. For if Kristin has sinned it is not against some impersonal deity, but against a God whom she knows and had worshipped as a child at the manger. She is 'a writer of the Incarnation' as Mr. W. Gore Allen has also pointed out, which means that so closely allied are the spirit and flesh in her characters that she cannot describe them physically without describing them spiritually, and *vice versa*—and there ensues conflict the resolving of which can only be explained by the Incarnation. In such explanations there is no hint of forced arguments because they are the arguments which Kristin and Olav would give and, when they stumble or turn to others for help, the replies given by their friends are such as to be practical with the kind of person they are: they explain their temptations, even though they do not take them away so that the reader, like the characters in question, has a sharper understanding of the conflict, and to this extent, knowing the fallibility of these particular characters, is able to speculate on the impression and to what degree the advice and help given will have a direct effect. Here is a scene with the priest, Gunnulf Nikulaussön, speaking to Kristin.

'For He loved mankind. And therefore did he die, as the bridegroom who hath gone forth to save his bride from the hands of robbers. And they bind him and torment him unto death, while he sees his dearest love sit feasting with his slayers, jesting with them and mocking his torments and his faithful love—'

Gunnulf Nikulaussön buried his face in his hands:

'Then did I understand that this mighty love upholdeth all things in the world—even the fires of hell. For if God would, He could take the soul by force—we should be strengthless motes in His hand. But He loves us as the bridegroom loves his bride, who will not force her, but if she yield not to him willingly, must suffer that she flee him and shun him. But I have thought, too, that mayhap no soul can yet be lost to all eternity. For every soul must desire this love, methinks, but it seems so dear a purchase to give up all other delights for its sake. But when the fire hath burnt away all stiff-necked and rebellious will, then at last shall the will to God,

were it no greater in a man than a single nail in a whole house, remain in the soul unconsumed, as the iron nail in the ashes of a house burned down—'

'Gunnulf'—Kristin half rose—'I am afraid.'

Gunnulf looked up, with white face and flaming eyes:

'I too was afraid. For I understood that this torment of God's love can have no end so long as man and maid are born upon this earth and He must be fearful that He may lose their souls—so long as He daily and hourly giveth His body and blood on a thousand altars. . . .'

This conversation is the core of the book because Sigrid Undset in such a mediæval setting is able to make spiritual experience the most exalted of life's adventures—but only when, as it were, it has been through the fire and, like an iron nail, remains unconsumed by the flames: that is what gives her trilogy and tetralogy their lasting place in her canon.

It was, however, probably inevitable that sooner or later she should return to the contemporary scene. If she had turned away from the contemporary scene, disillusioned by Liberalism, it was because she hoped to find the answers to the problems of her own society in the peace of what seemed a contented world: it was not that she had any romantic conception of the Middle Ages (such, for instance, as Belloc or Chesterton had), but that driven back to study its men and women she found in them a harmony and sense of values: there might be abuses—ecclesiastical and secular—and there might be much that savoured of superstition, but there was code of right and wrong. When out of envy Olav kills a man and knows that public penance can only bring dishonour to his next of kin and closest friends, he decides to retain his honour and forgo the sacrament of penance. When Kristin sees her life at a cross-roads where she must either be obedient to a husband who is too weak to counsel her, or act on her own initiative and so protect her own honour, she chooses the latter way. In each case there is more than a measure of pride in their decisions; but the fact that there is this pride is admitted freely by both Olav and Kristin. The difference between their world and that of Jenny and other characters in the modern Oslo novels is that morality has been replaced by amorality and so the question which Sigrid Undset came to ask after her conversion to Catholicism during the 'twenties was—to take but one instance—whether the Church's sexual ethic was based on an immutable principle. As a girl working in an Oslo office and later as a grown woman she had come to

see that it was 'getting more and more difficult for young people to marry or to afford to have children before they [were] well on in years' and it was precisely this problem which she stated and attempted to answer in *The Wild Orchid*, replying thus in the person of Paul Selmer:

'... No more than a year ago I couldn't see any reason why Lucy and I should give up more than we jolly well had to. Of course we knew it would be many years before we could have a home and child, but what was the use of imposing unnecessary restrictions on ourselves? But now I at any rate have come to feel that perhaps there may be reasons—which exist independently of whether current morality at a given time may cry shame on corrupted youth, or whether it may treat young people in an easy-going fashion, saying they can't be expected to exercise self-denial until they're old and grey and can afford to marry ...'

Allowing for the conversational change in tone, the answer, one suspects, is along the lines which Kristin would have given had she lived in the twentieth, not the fourteenth, century: there is a continuity about it. Yet it is exactly here that I would submit that there is a certain failure to tackle the problem wholly. Since the fourteenth century economic conditions have changed and although a case is often made against contraception on the grounds that women do not wish 'to have the labour of having children' (the wording is significant) it seems to me that it is only fair to add the other half of the case, which is that, say, having already two children women do not wish to give men whom they have married in middle age yet another ten years' economic labour by having a third child. For one cannot isolate sexual morality from morality in general: good wages and decent living conditions means that there can be a cleanliness in the home which will often be reflected in souls of those that inhabit it. This is not to suggest, as Liberalism held, that a perfect society can be achieved, since at the best in a fallen world all that can be achieved is a healthy society.

Of this Sigrid Undset was fully aware and it underlies all her later contemporary novels including *Ida Elizabeth* (1932)—incidentally her only real fiasco as a novelist—*The Faithful Wife* (1936) and *Madame Dorothea* (1939). Yet though such is her underlying theme and sexual morality the predominant one—a problem after all intimately connected with women's emancipation—there is in these later books a somewhat strained atmosphere of apologetic.

Admittedly, unlike her fellow European novelists, she was writing for a people to whom the truths of Catholicism were not only alien, but unknown, so that it was perhaps inescapable to some degree that in her later books her mantle should become that of the preacher. At least this explanation may provide a clue to the atmosphere of apologetic which surrounds the lives of Lucie Arneses, Paul and Julie Selmer, Ida Elizabeth and Madame Dorothea. Again, as in her specifically religious essays on Scandinavian saints and reflexions such as on 'Christmas and Twelfth Night', it was her declared aim to convert her countrymen so perhaps that note of apologetic peeps through more directly when she writes of the present. In her mediaeval books in contrast her method could afford to be more indirect: 'South of the river stood Saint Olav's Church . . . and thither they must go to mass to-morrow', since in the Middle Ages when Norwegians sailed their merchandise to London 'this had been their church'. For herein lies the clue which explains the link between mediaeval Hestviken and modern Oslo in Sigrid Undset's work. If writing of the modern city she turned to the past it was so that she might find a link, and having found that link, which was that contrary to the opinion of philosophical Liberalism faith was not man's destroyer, but rather his preserver, she attempted to forge it. But the tools in her smithy were mediaeval rather than modern; her work rough, sturdy and strongly wrought rather than smooth, polished and mass-produced. Like the craftsmen of old, defying the neat one-sentence summing-up or the slick newspaper slogan, she was, take her for all in all, a major artist with ragged edges; and that is something, D. H. Lawrence excepted, which can be said of no other novelist of this half century.

THE SPIRITUAL GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE

By BÉLA MENCZER

EVERY nation has a favourite occupation, a profession, a trade or a vocation whose hallmark can be seen in its literature or philosophy.

The French were made into a nation by their priests and their soldiers. They were already a religious and military race when Caesar first knew them; religion and war changed them from Gauls into Frenchmen. A French poet will still burn incense before the altar of vice and perform sacrifices. Baudelaire gave his life the form of a religious drama when he told of his loathing for vice and of how vice had deprived him of his faith. Victor Hugo made speeches and fought battles all his life—his only subjects were eloquence and war. There were only three wise old writers in French literature who meditated in peace, without following a banner, or offering sacrifices: Montaigne, La Fontaine and La Bruyère, and even these three fought their battles and offered incense before the time came to write their books. These three wise men smiled at the world as they wrote; all other Frenchmen try to rout an enemy or celebrate a victory of God. Some French writers are priests who follow false gods, others fight for bad causes, yet the idea of sacrifice and battle is always there. The Christian religion was made for the French. If it did not exist, they would have to invent it. It is a religion of victory, such as never existed in European or oriental antiquity.

The English are gardeners and builders of houses. Their Celtic ancestors, known also to Caesar, put order into a primitive island by hard and patient toil. Conquerors came and helped them to make the island green and build strong houses. Wherever there were islands and forests to exploit in the world, or cities to build, England has always been there. English genius favours a long and slow development. There is no moral teaching in Shakespeare, only his imagination which explores a subject ever more fully.

In Corneille, grace and generosity triumph; in Racine it is passion which triumphs; in Shakespeare we do not know what is going to happen, except that we are going to see something which has never been explored before. Even English philosophers are builders and explorers. The Frenchman meditates in order to triumph over an obstacle, eliminate a difficulty, come to a conclusion and win a battle. The Englishman seeks wisdom in experience. Sometimes the mountain gives birth to a mouse, but the child-bearing capacity of mountains is at any rate a physiological problem of the highest interest. Democracy and social welfare, such as we experience them today, are something like Horace's mouse. No matter; England registers this minor result of her experiment and does not regret the illusions of yesterday.

The Frenchman wants to know the ultimate truth, the Englishman is eager for his next experience. In England there is no dividing-line between the seasons. The climate is a bad one for absolute values. There can be sunny days in February, snowfalls in March, tropical heat in May and central heating in mid-June. In politics England is the one mature industrial democracy and at the same time she is the only mediaeval monarchy still surviving more or less intact. It is the most isolated of nations and at the same time the one which has explored the furthestmost and strangest corners of the earth. The English are at the same time the most orderly and the most adventurous of peoples. No nation has succeeded less in formulating abstract principles, none has given form to more imaginative ideas.

Spain is the country of the cavalier. Spanish thinkers do not reason out problems; they sit upright in their saddle. At every step a Spanish poet or thinker sees a new perspective. The Spanish genius spans distance itself. The characteristic Spanish art is riding. The most flattering term to apply to a Spaniard is *caballero*. He is not so much interested in winning a race as in the act of jumping, in the speed of the course, in the perspective he can see from a hilltop.

For the Englishman, Christianity means first and foremost moral teaching. He follows Christ closely, step by step, listening to every word, and he is prepared to discuss indefinitely the slightest detail of that public life of three years. The Frenchman sees the swift drama of the Crucifixion and the victory of the Resurrection. The Spaniard concentrates on the supernatural. For him the great story only begins when all is over, at Pentecost

and the Acts of the Apostles. In Paradise the Englishman would want to be one of the crowd listening to the Sermon on the Mount; the Frenchman would want to take part in a procession of the Resurrected; the Spaniard would prefer to journey between Judea and Rome with the Apostles, if possible on horseback and in the company of St. James.

The German is made for teaching. When Tacitus found this people to be lazy and drunken savages, the only thing he could admire them for was their family virtues. He praised them for their loyalty to their chiefs and their tribal solidarity. The Germans of Tacitus' time were one great family. They all gathered together for the big family feasts, having no gods but their somewhat mythical ancestors, heroes created out of their own imagination, whose exploits were not celebrated by any Homer. The Germans bore children and slowly and little by little they educated them, without the help of any books, or gods, or epics, or any written authority whatsoever, but with that feeling of loyalty and unity known only to nomadic tribes.

Everything the Germans do is done for children. Goethe, who wrote in a very beautiful and elaborate style, was unable to invent any character that was not childishly naïve: the giant Goetz, the magician Faust, the pure and innocent Egmont, the cunning Mephistopheles, the adolescent Marguerite, the adolescent Clare. Never has a great poet been more childish; he was eighty years old before he could grow up. He was the child genius, as Hugo was the adolescent genius. He died at the age of eighty-three, still the boy prodigy who was loved and admired as such by the great Germanic family. He is more the model than the master in the great German school, the model pupil gifted with a universal talent. The art in which the Germans excel is music, where precocious child-genius is the most frequent. Bismarck possessed the secret of leading the Germans because he was the one adult in a nation of children who liked playing at soldiers. William II and Hitler were spoiled and badly brought-up children and they were the tyrants of this great family.

German literature smacks of the schoolroom. Schiller's characters stop in the middle of the action to quote Schiller, the learned author of moral truths and maxims. The exuberance and the youthful excitements of leaving school form the principal element in the plays of Heinrich von Kleist. The one Christian feast which the Germans really know how to celebrate is

Christmas. It is they who have given this childhood Feast its tone throughout Christendom. Germany has produced a large number of philosophers who know how to begin with elementary notions and give clever examples of what they seek to demonstrate. The Latin peoples call God '*Dominus*', because they see Him everywhere as master of His house; they call Jesus Christ the Lord because they want to be His brothers and acknowledge His rights as the first-born. The Germans give to God the same courtesy title which they give to men, one that comes not from Latin but from Greek. The German title for God is '*Herr*', coming from *Kyrios*. *Magister*, *Senior* (Mister, *Seigneur*) are comparative terms; *Kyrios*, *Herr*, are superlatives. They signify a strong, superior being, such as an adult, in the mind of a child who does not know that one day he too will be grown up.

The Germans are the modern Greeks. Gifted in music, natural sciences and philosophy, like the ancient Greeks, their political destiny has also been Greek. It has alternated between a badly ordered liberty and slavery. Just as the Greeks were never able to found an Empire and become a military power (except by hellenizing the Macedonians, a rather wild and not very Greek race), the Germans were only able to found an ephemeral Empire thanks to Prussia, which was germanized by the modern Aristotles, Fichte and Hegel and their kind, who were born far away from the Prussia which they educated. Although they are an indispensable element, or at the least a very useful one, in other people's countries—in the Low Countries, in Switzerland, in Austria, in Hungary, in Bohemia—the Germans have not been a brilliant success in their own country. Their voluntary federations were a failure, their ephemeral Empire has been broken into pieces. Can modern history show a destiny more Greek than this?

The genius of the Italians is in their fingers. The Italian is at the same time an artist and an artisan in all that he does. It is the exquisite and elaborate wealth of detail which is so admirable in Italian prose and poetry, whether it be the description of perverted ambition, as in Macchiavelli for example, or the huge panorama of grandeur and decadence in Vico. The Italian genius is completely successful in the perfection of its detail and in its refinement, but is less successful in establishing first principles, or formulating and resuming final conclusions.

The Balkan peoples of the present day are the Greeks of the pre-Socratic times. The Serbs and the Bulgars have inherited the

spirit of the *Iliad*, the modern Greeks and the Rumanians that of the *Odyssey*. The same savage heroism, cunning and trafficking are written on every page of the history of the Balkan peninsula in modern times. By profession these peoples are shepherds or traders—warriors also from time to time. Their talents are above all epic and historical. They had sometimes amongst their statesmen a modern Pericles, who died without leaving a successor, an unfortunate Aristides or a treacherous Alcibiades; the analytical spirit is still in a rudimentary stage in these countries. They looked upon Austria as upon a modern Persia: a power which might have offered them an order within the protection of an Empire, or else slavery.

Very different from the Balkan peoples are the Hungarians, who are a race of lawyers and magistrates. The Hungarian genius is always pleading in court, even in lyric poetry. To write in Hungarian is to proclaim a right which has been won, a privilege which has been consecrated. The nationality must be proclaimed, formulated and defended. Since the very beginning, Hungarian literature has maintained intact its title to freedom, when it was contested by others, as a legitimate and inherited privilege.

The greatest Hungarian saints are kings who served justice, St. Stephen and St. Ladislas. The first place amongst the French saints belongs to a warrior-maid; she was virgin like the vestals, she fought battles like a soldier, she consecrated a king as if she had been a priest. The chief Italian saint, a somewhat eccentric poet and artist, sang the praises of God. The greatest English saint was a wise citizen and model servant of his country, a humanist author and experienced politician. The greatest Spanish saint was a noble knight and soldier of God, the greatest German saint laid the foundations of scholastic philosophy. Peoples can be recognized in their saints. No other saints are so characteristic of their country as the Hungarian; the great religious figures of this country are kings, cardinal-statesmen, princess-abbesses and abbots and priors of monasteries. Even in its saints, Hungary desired the magistrature and political power, which it loved more than any other nation.

To the north of Hungary lie the Czechs. They have hated the Germans for more than a century. They hate them in vain; they are too much like the Germans, in good things and in bad. In the same way, the Slovaks, the Croats and the Rumanians of Transylvania have kept much of the Hungarian character, in spite of all

their quarrels with Hungary since 1848. The Slovaks are not 'Northern Slavs', neither are the Croats and Transylvanians Balkan peoples. They belong to the Realm of St. Stephen and are associate countries with Hungary, even if Hungary sometimes treated them badly. The attempt to turn them into northern Slavs and Balkan peoples between 1918 and 1939 failed; the attempt to integrate them into Asia will fail even more badly.

The pure northern Slavs, who are not in the least germanized, are the Poles. They are in a sense the Spaniards of Eastern Europe. They are a nation of cavaliers, of missionaries, an amalgam of semi-Nordic races integrated within the Church. They are turbulent, anarchical, unfit for dynastic rule or stable government, except when in the past a soldier-king has wielded them into a unity in time of war. If Poland had had a longer coast-line, she might have been one of the great colonizing nations; she has throughout the centuries always produced emigrants and great military adventurers. The turbulent nobles who destroyed Poland in the end could have founded new Polish nations beyond the seas. If she had had more mountains to make a strong line of defence, Poland would not have been afraid to install a German dynasty; Germany has produced few great princes, but many stable dynasties, and for a time stable dynasties were the greatest need of Europe. Poland needed a reigning family from among the Germans, a nation of families, but she did not want to become German.

It is extremely difficult to find a vocation or a profession for Russia. It is a people of superhuman proportions. Russia has been compared to a bear, and this animal, which is more frequent in Russia than anywhere else, is indeed an apt symbol of Russia. Savage but not carnivorous, the bear kills its victim in its embrace. Usually clumsy and slow in its movements, it is capable of taking immense leaps forward. The bear slumbers in its cave for months at a time. Russia has also slept for centuries at a time. Christian and mediaeval Russia did not occupy one-twentieth of the territory occupied by present-day Russia. That Russia was swallowed up by the Mongol invaders and emerged from the yoke more Mongol than Christian, indeed more Mongol than Slav. She became a vast Empire, with the most provincial Court in Europe. Eighteenth-century Russia possessed a minor cosmopolitan Court where German, Swedish, Scottish, French, Italian and Greek hangers-on talked a cosmopolitan French to one another, which

became the second mother tongue of the Russian nobility, often better spoken than the native language.

A tiny island in an immense sea of sand, St. Petersburg produced a Russian literature for the Court and the capital, but it was but a minor Court and a minor capital. St. Petersburg at the beginning of the nineteenth century was the Weimar of the North, with Pushkin as a more fiery Goethe and Gogol a less serious and less artificial Schiller, more comic than tragic. Pushkin made the social life of St. Petersburg the background to his *Eugene Onegin*, the Russian Werther; Gogol drew on the Cossack wars for his *Taras Boulba*, which were as near in time, or as distant, to him as the Thirty Years' War was to Schiller. The blood of the murdered Czars did not appear in this St. Petersburg literature, sensual, and idyllic, sentimental and civilized as it was, with no thought for war except as a subject for an epic. This huge Empire had a very small capital which bore some similarity to the minor German Courts. In the German Courts there was no religion, in Russia there was no law; in mature and well-organized states there were the three orders: the Church, the law and the army. St. Petersburg under Alexander I, like the German Courts, consisted entirely of courtiers and courtesans who were *beaux esprits*, scions of the military nobility. Russian literature was born under this Czar, who succeeded to a murdered father's throne and was to fight against Napoleon, and who yet had a sincere horror of bloodshed and whose one ambition was to become a scholar-prince in a minor Court of *beaux esprits*, like his German uncles and cousins, whom he resembled physically through his Württemberg mother.

The Russian character was for some time moulded by these *beaux esprits*. Yet, if Alexander I had not disappeared in 1825—shall we ever know whether he really died in this year or whether he just withdrew from the world?—he would probably have had his throat cut by his officers, like his father and grandfather before him, at night and in his own palace. Not indeed in the street, in broad daylight, as his nephew Alexander II's was later on, when the *beaux esprits* and murderers were no longer courtier-officers, but 'volunteers of the people' and no longer sons, but daughters of good family. Fifty years after the Czar under whom Russian literature was born, the *beaux esprits* and murderers were students, in particular girl students.

The Russian genius is shapeless; it is the enemy of form in everything: in strategy in the art of war, at which Tolstoy mocks

in the best war-novel which has ever been written; in penal and civil law, which was laughed to scorn by Dostoevsky in the greatest detective stories of any literature. The Russian genius is that of a nomadic people. Russian writers were St. Petersburg men who left their oasis in order to explore the desert, and in Dostoevsky's case to explore Purgatory itself. With the end of St. Petersburg, Russian literature came to an end. Without a Court and a capital, Russia is a desert without an oasis.

When the German Courts broke with the established religion, they invented one of their own—a religion of feeling, with all the divine prerogatives. The semi-German Court of St. Petersburg already possessed a religion and a Church, so it elevated this new religion of feeling into a sort of civil code, or rather an anti-civil code, to invent a phrase. By protesting against the tyranny of convention, the Russian intellectuals sought to establish the tyranny of feeling and passion, which they supposed to be a milder one. Every act is good, provided that it is not founded on established law, or dictated by duty, but springs from a subjective feeling, personal emotion and inner passion. Such was the religion and the literary code of the Russians of the last century, originating as it did in Germany, where the true religion had ceased to exist with Luther, and taking root in a country where no true law existed. It was on the whole a Christian philosophy, since the early Christians were, in effect, rebels against the organized religion of Israel and the letter of the Law, but whilst the Christian revolt enriched the Law and created a new religious body, the German-Russian revolt has done nothing but destroy, right down to our own day.

This Russo-German tyranny—for Marx and Engels were Germans, and it was Engels, in particular, the pure-blooded German, whom Lenin adopted, studied and declared the prophet of Russia—has become the direst of all tyrannies, for it is always less tyrannical to order a man to respect the law and to practise an organized religion than it is to order him to produce a certain feeling, a spontaneous emotion, or an intimate passion on demand. Vague from the very beginning, this Russian sentiment became blurred, and from being blurred it became absolutely false from the Revolution onwards.

It is difficult to attribute a profession or a vocation to the genius of Russia, despite her greatness and brilliance in the nineteenth century, because up to now she has only revealed the

pangs of adolescence and early youth. Russia must become fully adult, and she is far from being that at the moment. She is now in prison, undergoing a long purgation of the follies of her youth.

It is easy to define the vocation of the Nordic races. The Scandinavians, as it is now fashionable to call them, are the old Vikings, a name which is more familiar to history and which they themselves prefer. The peoples of the North are the only real explorers in the world. Other races set sail in strong vessels, complete with compass and map, and their voyages resulted in trade, the formation of colonies and in industrial wealth. But the Vikings did not know where they were sailing; they set out on their voyages of exploration out of sheer love of the sea, without any conscious objective and with no maps, in tiny ships which were thrown up on all the coasts of Europe. They were the co-founders of every state in Europe.

The Russians wandered over those seas of sand which are the Sarmatian plains and then came home to St. Petersburg and told the story of their adventures round the fire on winter nights. But the Nordic genius is ill-suited to the novel or the short story. It prefers action and drama. All the literature of the North is dramatic, even when the literary forms are far removed from the familiar dramatic convention. Nowhere has the Nordic genius succeeded so well as in drama. Northern man rises to his full stature when the action is swift, concentrated and precise. There is never a word or a character which is irrelevant, as so often happens in the Russian novels.

The three great Nordic writers of the last century, Ibsen, Strindberg and Kierkegaard, were shipwrecked explorers, who finally conquered, just as their distant ancestors did before them. It is these three men above all other writers who have given the alternative of salvation or damnation a dramatic form, inevitable in its intensity. They are the three writers who are the most discussed and analysed today, and so for that very reason are perhaps the least understood. Yet their message is clear enough. Ibsen preferred an absolute choice between the life of the spirit and the life of the world. Without the great secret thought, he said, which will never be fully revealed, the world will perish, but since the world does not perish, the creative artist must suffer his agony until the end of the world. Pascal said the same thing, and meant God; Tertullian said it before him: *aut machina mundi dissolvitur, aut Creator mundi patitur*. One thing only is necessary, as the Lord said;

all that we love in this world will perish and still it will be saved by Him whom the world persecuted and tortured while He was on earth. In the Greek drama, God came *ex machina*. Ibsen built his plays upon the hidden God. 'This world' seemed to the Viking explorer to be revolting in its earthly complacency and self-confidence. He came upon his adventures in a barque whose name he did not know. He called it the 'secret thought', the imagination, or poetry, and he only had an inkling of its real name late in life when, in 1870, Rome was taken away from the Pope and he said the Eternal City 'has been taken away from us and given to the politicians'.

Strindberg's life was a series of spiritual and sensual shipwrecks. He made the drama of his own life out of them and then gave it to his country and European literature. He was the one historian among the artists of the end of the century, and the only one, who had a true appreciation and understanding of history. Strindberg's historical plays lead up to a tremendous choice which the hero has to make, and which is as concentrated and as dramatic as were the battles of the old invading Vikings. On the threshold of the twentieth century, Strindberg proclaimed that the world, 'this world of ours', was reverting to its origin: original sin. He showed Eve at the very moment of eating the apple. He made her sin into a whole series of modern plays. The feminine heart was a new country for him to explore. It is a country little known to those travellers who are armed with maps. A new Viking had to appear, to make a voyage of discovery, and to be shipwrecked for his pains in daring to penetrate into a country concerning which maps give few and false ideas.

Strindberg took his personal device, 'I have dared!', from an author whom he put into one of his plays, Ulrich von Hutten. He was an artist-historian who painted an immense panorama of the catastrophe of modern history from Luther to the revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The strong man in his plays resists these catastrophes, sometimes successfully. Things of this world perish, but individual men, great men, can always escape. The victim of every revolt is woman. So finally woman takes her revenge for the tears which revolutions and catastrophes have cost her. Other men besides Strindberg have known that despotism is born out of revolution, but no political despotism is so grievous as the final usurpation: that made by woman. When she was the servant of God she was a noble being, who was in

turn served by her knights. But a woman dethroned is nothing but a shrew. She is the one person who ever lost a throne and who was resourceful enough to take revenge, and she has done so by repeating that act of disobedience which brought misfortune to mankind. Strindberg is both the historian and the theologian of original sin through his drama, which he defined as *Biblia pauperum*—theology, told in pictures, for those who do not know how to read.

Shipwrecked modern man found his philosopher in Kierkegaard. This Dane was the first to explore dark and nebulous shores. Nobody but he has put the human soul before such a pressing alternative. A Frenchman would ask for victory or defeat and would think of the glory which would accrue to the victor and of honour to the vanquished. An Englishman would enjoy the spiritual pilgrimage and would draw a sensible moral from it. The German would turn it into a system; the Italian would use it down to the last detail as a perfect illustration; the Spaniard would cover the ground quickly, rejoicing in the adventure; the Russian would tell a story about the horrors glimpsed on the way, extenuating them with gentle benevolence. But for Kierkegaard there is only a haven of refuge, or perdition; he asks God for a refuge, not for victory. He wrote in order to destroy all systems, to undo all methods. Only personal life exists for him, and that being so, man possesses the one thing he needs. God is a Person, He is neither pure Reason, nor System, nor Principle. He is Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Man gives himself his own personality. It is subdivided into several aspects and adopts various pseudonyms, disguises, or poses. Kierkegaard tried all this out on himself. His firm conclusion is that man is the image of God, who has three aspects and who multiplies good by his imagination and his inventiveness, as man, by the same means, multiplies evil in the world. In the whole of mystical literature, Kierkegaard is the most solitary and the most adventurous writer. At a moment when European thought was faced with the ruins of the systems of yesterday, this Northern mystic recreated it as the shipwrecked Vikings once recreated European states before their assimilation, by their wild incursions on the coast. There is no country today in which men do not speak of the 'absolute alternative' of Kierkegaard, and in which they dare forget his message: 'God first.' A mighty wind from the North swept all that was but a feeble expression of the human mind before it.

The Nordic genius produced other men, not so outstanding as these lonely adventurers of the mind, but still of the same spiritual family. None of them felt at home in his own country. Kierkegaard found the Danish way of life uncongenial, Ibsen and Strindberg spent much of their lives in voluntary exile. The armies of the North had remained within their own citadel ever since the heroic days of Charles XII and the once conquering peoples were now the most pacific in Europe. Once upon a time they had intermarried into every race, but now they were the most isolated and the least prolific of European peoples; more curious still, by the close of the nineteenth century they had become the one really materialistic race in Europe, with nothing missing in their material well-being.

Spain is also a great military power of the past. When the numbers of beggars increased during the years of decadence, many foreign critics of Spain, Macaulay in particular, and the Spanish Liberals of 1898, attributed it to the isolation of the country and its contempt for material well-being, for which they laid the blame in turn on Catholicism. Protestant Sweden, however, became as isolated from Europe as Catholic Spain, and her devotion to hygiene, social welfare and the standard of living did not prevent her decadence.

A Plutarchian parallel could be drawn between these two nations. They are the two greatest victims of modern progress. From the beginning of the eighteenth century onwards Spain has counted for little in the great decisions of Europe; during the same period Sweden dwindled to nothing from being a Great Power. Big money, banks, a well-ordered administration, the exploitation of mineral wealth, gradually ousted the dashing spirit of the soldier and the sailor. Above all, men set limits to their ambitions; they renounced absolute principles. The times favoured spheres of influence, which were meticulously defined; the art of war was used only for subtle political ends; diplomacy dealt only with certain well-defined interests. It was an age of definitions, no longer dominated by theology, but by the so-called exact sciences. The basis of every policy was formulated by philosopher-mathematicians, Leibniz being the greatest and the most universal mind amongst them. Philip II was as out of date as Gustavus Adolphus in this age of the new politics, practised *more geometrico*. At the end of the last century and the beginning of this, Sweden cared only for material progress, while Spain was divided

between those who wanted material progress and those who made a contempt for such things a particularly Spanish virtue. But this is only to touch the surface of the problem. The debate between materialism and idealism is a false one and if it does not vitiate the true problem it is at least a bad way of presenting it. Nothing is more pernicious, or more hypocritical, than idealism applied to material things. It is only possible to understand ideas which have an idealistic basis, and put them into action, when material things are restricted to their proper sphere. A historical parallel between Sweden and Spain, the two countries who owed their greatness to the religious conflict of the Reformation, well illustrates the very minor part which material wealth really plays in the destiny of a nation. Despite the two exactly opposite conceptions of life of these two nations, neither of them has yet emerged from an isolation and a decline which set in when the conflict which, at a certain moment in European history, gave them a great mission to fulfil was resolved.

On the morrow of the Secular Revolution—for such we may call the English principles proclaimed in America and France at the conclusion of the eighteenth century—the first revolution in the heart of Christendom which sought to exclude theology and attempted to deny secular authority—every nation has sought to define the vocation and the mission which it can discover in its past. England did not need to do this. The principles which shook the world to its foundations were English in origin. The whole of Europe spoke French at the time, yet France was determined to appear 'different' at any cost. While the whole world was imitating France, the French were putting on a garb which did not suit them. Formerly, English ideas had proved untranslatable and England found the resulting isolation much to her taste. But then English ideas were spread abroad in a somewhat poor French interpretation and English works of imagination and sentiment came to be known the world over in beautiful German translations, chiefly for the use of schools. Each nation imitated its neighbour to the point of madness and assumed grandiose missions and vocations to which it was not entitled, usually with deplorable results. France, whose strength lay in unity, a unity which had been achieved through centuries of effort, became the faction of rival parties. Germany, whose strength lay in diversity, strove for unity through fire and the sword. Italy, the pinnacle of civilization, whose greatness lay in the arts of peace, preserved and

cultivated in spite of the barbarian invasions, tried to turn herself into a heroic military nation, feared by all. The Poles, who had killed their country by their republican anarchy, and who could have been saved only by a European dynasty and a strong monarchical government, became in exile the *avant-garde* of every revolution, of every turbulent republic and of every anarchical movement. Austria, the country of the arts, militarized herself on the Prussian model, whilst Hungary, the country of proud privileges and strong personal characters, turned herself into a bureaucracy on the Austrian model. The Czechs, a nation of artisans, bourgeois, and worthy and somewhat philistine professors, imitated the rebellious intrigues of the Magyar nobility. The Balkan peoples, simple peasants and shepherds of solid, patriarchal virtues, indulged in grand-opera plots, as if they had been born in the turbulent city republics of Italy.

Every nation—except England, who remained true to her own character—played a false rôle and staged some lamentable scenes on the world stage. Now the theatre was nowhere more popular than in the minor German Courts, under princes who were themselves acting the part of great monarchs. German schoolmasters also were fond of the theatre, a moralizing *genre* in which evil men are punished and good men rewarded. In the days when St. Petersburg was no more than a minor German Court in a vast and wild country, the courtiers acted every type of civilization. Russia was at one and the same time a military country like Prussia, a proud monarchy with a servile bureaucracy like Austria, a brilliant, capricious and paradoxical country like France, a turbulent oligarchy like Poland, the seat of intrigue and sensual drama like Italy, a country of bold experiment like England. No country played at being somebody else with such success as Russia, although it was the excesses rather than the real qualities of other countries which were taken over. Russia had so many similarities with other countries that finally Dostoevsky wondered whether there was anything purely Russia about her and tried to console himself with the figure of the *Moujik* who did not imitate any foreign model. From the same motive, Tolstoy idealized the *Moujik* and found in his existence the key to peace on earth and peace of soul. Alas, Russia even resembled America in the immensity of her proportions, and the East by the vastness of her deserts. Everything that was puerile and naïve in the American temperament, and all the equanimity and indifference of the

East, reappeared in Russia on a new, hitherto unimaginable and unsuspected, scale.

Russia is a gigantic mirror in which Europe can see all her faults greatly magnified. In Russia the extreme of European civilization met the extreme of Asiatic barbarism. Like the desert and the sea, Russia has the attraction and the terror of immensity. Europe felt a nostalgia for Russia comparable to that felt by the sailor for the sea, or the old explorer for Africa, forms of nostalgia which are not cured by shipwreck or tropical fever. In the first half of the nineteenth century, those men who attached themselves to the tottering thrones of Europe, like the knights of old, put their trust in the armies of the Czar, thinking them to be the chief bulwark of all the Christian monarchies. Later on, towards the end of the century, Russia became the land of desire for the intellectuals, although it was still a European monarchy, admired less by these same intellectuals than by their master Dostoievsky, who saw in the throne of the Czars the salvation of Russia and of Europe. Later still, all those who were disillusioned by Europe, all those who felt out of place in an unhealthy and decadent Continent, in which the old order and the old law could neither live nor die, turned to the Russia of the Revolution. Without ever bothering to look up the word 'Soviet' in the dictionary, to learn that the magic word signifies something as prosaic as 'council', and that the mystic word 'Bolshevik' means nothing more than majority, all those individualists who would have been horrified by anything so prosaic as a Town Council at home, and above all by any discussion that took place there, declared their readiness to die for the Soviets—an institution which has the advantage in Russia of existing only in a meaningless phrase. All the individualists who hated majorities in Europe became majority-ites or 'Bolsheviks'. Some of them returned, disillusioned by the Byzantine pedantry of the pseudo-theological Russian doctrines; others found the people to be Asiatic savages; yet this puzzling country long retained the lure of the unknown.

Europe could neither assimilate nor contain Russia; could neither resist its mirage nor recognize her own faults in its terrible mirror. No strategic or spiritual frontier exists to the east of Europe. When the distant European west was invaded by the desert peoples in the eighth century, Europe founded stable nations within Charlemagne's Empire and the invasions were finally held in the mountains of Castille, the invader himself

contributing later on his share to the building of the great Spanish nation in the extreme west of Europe. The Mongolian invasion from the East swallowed up the extremities of Europe in the 13th century, the Turkish invasion detached the Byzantine peoples from Europe in the 15th and Hungary in the 16th century, but in a mysterious way, only to be interpreted as providential, the Mongolian invasion, like the Turkish one after it, was held in the very same place in which the present-day invasion is halted—at the gates of Vienna—capital of the *Ost Reich* of Charlemagne, *Austriche* in the old French corruption of the word, and Austria in Latin.

In spiritual as in physical geography, it is the eastern frontier of Europe which is vulnerable. Beyond this frontier live peoples whose vocation is not yet clear. When we can discern the Russian vocation and character as clearly as those of the Western nations, and when within Russia herself we can differentiate between the different regions and peoples, the danger will have passed. Russia is in a state of chaos in the present century, with vague memories of Europe buried deep down, just as Europe remembered Rome when it sank into chaos as a result of the barbarian invasions. From this very chaos arose the individual nations of Europe, with their varying characteristics, and the boundaries of civilization were defined, slowly and painfully it is true, but within the limits of an evolution which was clearly discernible over the course of the centuries and which conferred on them a unity which the hard necessities of bad moments merely served to quicken. No man can tell at present what will be the final fate of the new unity which is coming into being in Europe, but it will certainly be subject to a very ancient law, the law of growth and decline. The ideas and institutions of the new unity will spread and flourish in the same world in which they will decline and die. Nothing in history ever remains static.

Again, spiritual geography, like the physical kind, describes phenomena which are in appearance static, but which are largely dependent on mysterious and dynamic forces, the ultimate cause of which we shall never know. There is the ebb and flow of the tides; there are volcanoes and the regrouping of rocks and lakes which result from volcanic eruptions; there are rivers which flow uninterruptedly from time immemorial, the source of which remains for ever a secret. Politics and history are both dependent on geography, but the shape of the earth, the source of its rivers, the position of its mountains, and the earth and the sea themselves, originate no man knows where.

BOOK REVIEWS

A FRENCH STUDY OF NEWMAN

Newman: Sa Vie, Sa Spiritualité. By Louis Bouyer de l'Oratoire, Paris.
(Les Éditions du Cerf. 975 frs.)

It must surely be a unique experience that a person to whom a book is dedicated should be asked to write a review of it. But so it is in my case, and I will endeavour to say a few words in praise of it. But before all else it should be observed that all the material carefully kept at the Birmingham Oratory has been laid open to the inspection of the author, and that he has drawn upon it largely. Nothing has been held back, as people used to fear that it would be, simply because there is nothing to hold back. It is open to the inspection of all the world.

The author is a convert. He was born into a Lutheran family, and became a minister, first at Strasbourg and then at Paris. Finally he was received into the Church. After this he joined the Oratory, and was ordained about eight years ago. He has earned for himself a reputation by his other books: *Le Mystère Paschal*, *La Bible et l'Évangile*, *L'Incarnation et l'Église-Corps du Christ dans la théologie du Saint Athanase*, and his small life of St. Philip Neri. He is at present one of the Professors of Theology at the Institut Catholique in Paris, but at the moment he is lecturing at Notre Dame University, Illinois.

He has written his work with Bremond's *Newman* in his mind's eye, of which he says 'la biographie de Bremond, comme tant d'autres livres de Bremond, a en effet travesti celui qu'elle révélait au grand public.' That fantastic book was first published in 1906 when Bremond had only Miss Mozley's two volumes and Dr. Abbot's *Philomythus* and *Anglican Career of Cardinal Newman* to draw his materials from, and it was republished for the seventh time in 1913. Meanwhile it was translated into English under the title of *The Mystery of Newman* in 1907. After 1913 the book in the original French went out of print. Then in 1932, after nineteen years, wishing to end his literary life, as he had begun it, *sous le signe de Newman*, he reissued it because the book was often asked for, *Oh! sans frénésie, mais avec une persévérance qui fatigue les libraires d'occasion*, but just as it stood, without making the slightest change in it.

This was inexcusable in Bremond, although his reason, that other works occupied his waning strength, is good and understandable. Theodor Haecker, who is very severe about him, says that he does not come within measurable reach of Newman as a thinker, and accuses him of writing a *roman psychologique* after the fashion of Huysmans and Bourget. The fact remains that this is the first book written in French which deals with Newman's life as an ordered sequence of events, with the exception of *Le Cardinal John-Henry Newman*, Maisson Casterman, Paris, 1950, by J. A. Lutz, translated from the German by René Guillaume. For their further knowledge of the life the French have been obliged to depend upon English sources.

The book begins at Newman's birth in 1801 and ends with his death in 1890, and everything in between is either related or referred to in its due order. Previously English readers, for their knowledge of Newman, had to depend upon Miss Anne Mozley for the Anglican life and Wilfrid Ward for the Catholic. The former runs to 1009 pages, and the latter to 1281, 2290 pages in all. This volume covers the same ground in 485, and does it extremely well. One notices that the pre-1845 years take 309 pages, whereas the post-1845 occupy only 176. His Catholic life produces a feeling of breathlessness, of hurry, as if the author were in haste to come to an end. As an example of his haste one may point to the fact that the *Grammar of Assent* is only once referred to, and then only the fact of its publication with its date as 1873, and not as 1870, is mentioned; and we are told nothing of the uniform edition of his works, of his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, of the wonderful Preface to the third edition of the *Via Media*, or of his controversies with Bishop Healy and Dr. Fairbairn. It is a pity that no mention is made of them, if only to show that his powers remained unaffected until almost the end.

But Père Bouyer has done yeoman service in debunking (if I may be pardoned the expression) Anne Mozley, who is twice referred to as the '*nièce abusive*'—she was by the way not a niece, but the sister of Newman's two brothers-in-law. I recall that some years ago I rashly promised that I would send a complete transcript of 'The Illness in Sicily' to a non-Catholic Professor of English, but when I came to do it I was appalled by the excisions and alterations she had made. Since that date I have done the rest of her work, and with the same result. She has not even adopted the normal method of using stops to mark omissions. She leaves out all references to the devil and the part he played in Newman's life. In the same way she has garbled the letters, and run some of them into one another. She has cut out all that tells in favour of Rome, and against Anglicanism. It may be pleaded on her behalf that she was seventy-five when she undertook the work, and also that she was going blind. Newman never saw what she did with it. He simply put at her disposal the materials in his possession, and let her do with it whatever

she wished, in cases of doubt referring to Dean Church or Lord Blachford.

Père Bouyer is a theologian, and it is pleasant to find that he, unlike many of his French predecessors, has no fault to find with Newman's theology. He simply omits all reference to his attitude on the theological questions discussed at the Vatican Council. Only on two occasions does he criticize Newman's behaviour—the position he adopted as regards Ullathorne on Faber's *Lives of the Saints* and his review of Keble's *Lyra Innocentium*, which he misdates 1848 instead of 1846, and these aberrations he attributes to the influence of Faber over him. But he speaks of the latter as a *recension presque cruelle*, and of its tone of rigour and of hardness. I myself, having read the review for the purpose, fail to agree with him, as I see no trace of cruelty in it. He speaks of the *Apologia* as the greatest religious classic of the nineteenth century (p. 453). He says that Newman did not wish for an adjustment between the domain of natural philosophy and that of supernatural faith. 'On this point the Thomastic synthesis, combining with revelation a criticized Aristotelianism, satisfied him entirely. His most serious complaint was that the Roman theologians misconceived both St. Thomas and Aristotle' (p. 405). He was just 'dotting the i's and crossing the t's' of St. Thomas, as he expressed it himself. But the best parts of the book are those which deal with the *Via Media*, Justification, the Parochial and Plain Sermons, largely because they have not been dealt with before at such length, and his discussion of the Oratory. His characterization of it as 'a peaceable society of inoffensive eccentrics' arouses a smile.

About the Journal Père Bouyer is completely and absolutely sound. Newman took into account the unfavourable impression which the Journal would produce on anyone who would read it, since it is nothing less than a long complaint. 'But before God and before posterity, faithful to the truth, he did not fear to risk this final lack of comprehension.' Looking back over the past he saw an active life, entirely lived in the service of God and entirely bungled to all appearance, which could not but be a sorrowful mystery to one who having reached old age surveyed the departed years (p. 481). He deplored his wasted time, he regretted his talents allowed to run to seed, he said sharp things about those who had foiled his efforts, but he remained a Catholic, as staunch and loyal in 1890, if not more so, as he had been in 1845.

I have noticed a few minor slips in the course of my reading, but I will mention one only, and one which comes on the very last page of the book (p. 485). It was not '*la chère et fidèle Jemima*' who brought the little boy to the Oratory, for she had not been there for many years, and she was already dead. The little boy was Colonel Mozley, a grandson of Jemima, and he was accompanied by his sister Eleanor, afterwards Mrs. Spilmont. Newman's answer was made to him, and his sister

heard it, and related it to me. But these slight errors do not detract from the merit of a work about a man *peut-être le plus génial de ses enfants à cette génération, peut-être l'un des plus saints* (p. 455) whom the Church could claim.

Père Bouyer in almost the penultimate page of his book tells us that 'no voice from beyond the tomb speaks to us as his does, for there is no one who speaks more directly to the heart, as there is no one who speaks more directly of the heart. *Cor ad cor loquitur*, such was his motto as cardinal, such is the last word of a life for which truth and charity were never separated' (p. 483).

Newman has at last come into his own. We owe a debt of gratitude to Père Bouyer for a work which is as objective as it is able, and for one with every word of which those who most admire Newman can sympathize. It will have to be taken into account by anyone who in the future will attempt to form a just estimate.

HENRY TRISTRAM

THE LOUDUN POSSESSIONS

The Devils of Loudun. By Aldous Huxley. (Chatto & Windus. 18s.)

THIS is not simply an historical study, though it is this, it is a work of literary art. It might claim, with even better reason, the title of its author's novel *Point Counterpoint*. For with the artist's skill Mr. Huxley has woven a harmony of two alternating and complementary themes. One is a study of human nature at its ugliest, greed, envy, aggressiveness, petty ambition, above all, malignity and lust, human sin pitilessly revealed in utter sordidness and terrifying cruelty, and, not least, human folly. This was, indeed, the entire gamut of the earlier novels, when the meaninglessness of such behaviour was believed to be universal, the very stuff of reality. Nor can one escape the impression that the author's preoccupation with these things is of a Swiftian quality, that the 'kick' which he shows men getting from so many forms of misconduct he himself obtains from a cynical contemplation of them. But this is no longer all. There is another theme interwoven with the former, and the background of it. It is the Divine 'Fact' of God and in man of a spirit which can be, and in the Saints actually is, united with Him. It is Huxley's 'Perennial Philosophy', mystical religion. And it is this theme, in its triumphant assertion as ultimate, which concludes the book with a magnificent quotation from Père Surin, his account of the Godhead invading his soul as a calm but irresistible tide of the inflowing ocean. In the concrete embodiment of religion, institutional and human, both themes meet. Such a meeting is here studied, the Loudun possessions and the story of

their victim, Grandier, and their holy dupe, Surin. Meaninglessness is confined, after all, to the periphery of human behaviour and psychology. At the centre there is a meaning which, though too vast for our understanding, is goodness and joy.

How then does Huxley conceive of the relation between the two themes, the two levels? After a fashion which must seem the wildest paradox. The true self, the real reality of this malicious, bestial and stupid human being is God Himself, no less. For Mr. Huxley subscribes to the oriental mysticism of identity. The self, the true self, the 'Atman', is the Godhead, 'Brahman'. When a man has attained the enlightenment which is experimental knowledge of this identity he is emancipated from the lower, the false self, with its folly and wickedness, and has realized his identity with God.

That mystics, even Christian mystics, Father Baker, for example, have lost consciousness of self and experienced an apparent identity with God can be denied only if we are prepared to deny, on *a priori* grounds, any experience however well attested. If, however, with Huxley and his Vedantist teachers, we take this experience at its face value and assert a natural identity of God and the human spirit, we cannot explain other aspects of human experience. If the end is as the beginning, God alone, what meaning can there be in the pitiful story of man's sin and suffering? How, indeed, did it come into existence? It is not enough, with Zen Buddhism and Mr. Huxley in this book, to affirm that the Absolute and eternal manifests itself and is present in the relative and temporal with their inevitable evil. Why must the Absolute manifest itself in this way? How can the Divine Ground produce out of itself these foul weeds? It is no more possible for vines to bear thorns than for thorns to bear grapes. Created being, therefore, must possess a factor of comparative nonentity which radically differentiates it from the fullness of Divine Being. And a salvation which can explain and justify the production of such half-beings is not, as Mr. Huxley will have it, the discovery of an identity which has existed from the first but the reception by the soul of the Divine life and knowledge, just such a salvation, in fact, as Mr. Huxley shows us as effected in Grandier converted from the life of a priestly rake to a death of heroic sanctity, or in Surin, always devoted to holiness but purified by sufferings, largely produced by his own credulity and false rigorism, until he is finally deified as far as it is possible to be in this mortal life.

The story told is tragic, sordid, disgusting and terrible. A clique of Grandier's enemies, the guilt of some mitigated by serious grievances, the others without excuse, took advantage of the neurotic imaginations of the Ursuline prioress and her histrionic posing to produce in the entire convent a mass hysteria of supposed possession. Grandier, who never set foot in the convent, was accused of impossible sorceries by the 'devils'. Laubardement, Richelieu's agent, assisted by two of the

most malignant men who ever disgraced a friar's habit, had Grandier tried by a packed bench which condemned him on the devil's evidence. He was tortured and burned alive. Throughout the proceedings the law of the Church was flagrantly violated. The exorcisms were held in public so that in the very house of God prurience could feast on the obscene blasphemies of word and gesture committed by dedicated virgins. The supposed testimony of the agents of the father of lies was received as Gospel truth by spite, or, at best, lamentable credulity. If the devil played any part at Loudun, it was assuredly not in the foul antics of the possessed nuns but in the malignant hatred which inspired and used them. Certainly the hand of God was active, more manifestly, indeed, than is often the case. A holy and compassionate priest brought Grandier the consolation he needed before the supreme ordeal. His foes' malice, successful in inflicting hideous suffering, occasioned a death of outstanding holiness.

The skill with which the tale is told is what we should expect from Mr. Huxley's pen. With his judgements of persons and events we can often concur. The reader, however, should not forget that much of the detail is the work of the historical novelist rather than the scientific historian. No record can exist of Grandier's procedure in seducing his pupil, Philippe Trincant, still less of their thoughts and feelings: nor, of course, of her subsequent confessions. Here, in fact, imagination seems, for once, not merely to supplement the evidence available but to mislead the reader. For Canon Law refuses a priest authority to absolve his accomplice in an intrigue. And it is hard to see what evidence there can be other than Grandier's subsequent behaviour for what passed in the prison cell between himself and his confessor, the charitable Augustinian, Father Ambrose.

We cannot help wondering whether the strange paper against clerical celibacy, with its account of a queer 'marriage service', in which Grandier doubled the part of officiant and bridegroom, found among his papers by Laubardement's henchmen, was his genuine composition, not planted by the latter. Does it still exist? If so, is it in his handwriting? Mr. Huxley, it seems to us, should not accept its authenticity so unquestioningly. May he not have been guilty himself, in this instance, of an excessive credulity due to his love of the bizarre? On the other hand, that no books of magic were planted is an argument for authenticity.

Incidentally, Mr. Huxley discusses many important points, and, for the most part, carries conviction. That oratory can never be wholly truthful, for it must at best over-simplify, that the worst excesses of past tyranny were constrained by Christian belief to pay some regard to the human dignity of their victims, totally obliterated by the secular totalitarianism of today, the valuable appendix in which the various ways are discussed by which men seek to get out of themselves

at less cost than by true religion, ere examples of these valuable considerations.

Even if, which no one can tell, Loudun had no contemplatives, when Grandier became its parish priest, it would not follow that, as Mr. Huxley avers, there were no saints. For the transparence which makes union with God conscious is by no means indispensable for the union to exist.

Probably Mr. Huxley does not exaggerate the clerical scandals of many, if not most, continental countries before the Counter-Reformation took effect. But he is not a reliable authority. In any case, the pre-Reformation Church in England was comparatively respectable. If clerical corruptions, as Mr. Huxley holds, produced the Reformation, Italy and France, rather than England, should be Protestant. The causes were numerous and complex. Ignorance, we fancy, was a more potent factor than immorality. A secular priest does not, as Mr. Huxley seems to think, take a formal vow of celibacy. It is implicit in the fact of his accepting ordination. Nor does, or did, the most rigorist of Catholics profess the Protestant doctrine of total depravity, though he may perhaps behave as if he did. By the seventeenth century, the belief that unbaptized infants suffer positive torments was no longer held in the theological schools. Soeur Jeanne's aunt, a prioress on p. 3, is an abbess on p. 120. Holy Cross day is 3 May, not 1 May (p. 156). Miss Murray's view of organized witchcraft as a degenerate survival of the pre-Christian fertility cult is nothing more than a plausible hypothesis. Mr. Huxley is not entitled to treat it as a proved fact. Though the fact that Garth's description of an apothecary's shop resembles so closely Shakespeare's in *Romeo and Juliet* does, indeed, prove that it had not changed in the interval, the agreement is so close that Garth must have copied Shakespeare. A stuffed tortoise and alligator cannot have been part of the regular equipment of a dispensary. 'Faconde' (p. 28) must surely be a misprint for 'seconde'. Though Mr. Huxley moves with such artistry between the sewers and the sanctities, this book is not for all palates. Indeed, one might wish that it could be given something corresponding to an X certificate.

E. I. WATKIN

THE FIRST FOUR TUDORS

The Early Tudors. By J. D. Mackie, C.B.E., M.C., Hon. LL.D. (Clarendon Press. 25s.)

THERE are two distinct reasons for the periodical overhauling of our official history. The detailed research of specialists must be reviewed; the results must be incorporated, in so far as they modify the overall

view. This is the first and obvious reason. But there is another, more subtle; one that lies at the root of the whole philosophy of history. Every age has necessarily its affinities in the past, periods closely akin in their prevailing moods and temper, and therefore more understandable and more significant to this particular generation than to its immediate predecessors. Hence the need for restatement, irrespective of anything new in the material available.

It is in the way it fulfils these two separate aims that the new Oxford History of England must be judged; and especially the last, one might think, in the case of this latest addition to the series. Here we have the counterpart and worthy replacement of H. A. L. Fisher's volume in the old Longmans *Political History of England*, and of the early part of Pollard's, both of which have performed faithful service to two generations of history students. There has been important work done since those Edwardian volumes first saw the light: one immediately thinks of Pollard's own later studies, especially those in the parliamentary field, and Lipson's *Economic History*; we have had the Abbé Constant's work on the Protestant Reformation, the final garnerings of the late Dr. Coulton's assiduous muck-racking, and more recently Father Philip Hughes on *The King's Proceedings* ('a critical study of the royal conduct', as Professor Mackie describes it); apart from these and other major departmental studies, there is a mass of detail to be extracted from the learned periodicals of the last forty years. The task of assimilating all this, and of utilizing what is relevant, is one that Professor Mackie has performed conscientiously. He has always an eye for those untidy facts that are apt to play havoc with an over-neat theory: they make their appearance on every page, in a qualifying parenthesis or cautionary footnote. Such meticulous discrimination is not, as we shall see, without compensating dangers, but in itself it is good. And it must not be supposed that it makes for drabness or pedantry. Professor Mackie is never dull: in readability, a merit too often wanting to the writers of academic history, he may be said to pass with credit. And there is much else to be commended: the neatness of arrangement and facility for finding one's way about; the very serviceable bibliography, and perhaps most of all the originality of the book's proportions. Wolsey's diplomatic futilities are dismissed (and how rightly!) in something less than twenty pages, whereas thirty are given to the humanists, to Grocin and Linacre, Colet, Erasmus and More. Of the sixteen chapters in all, one is allotted entirely, and an excellent chapter it is, to economic developments, urban and rural; another to the cultural achievements of the period, education and letters, music, architecture and painting. A refreshing departure, this, from the old narrow conception of 'political' history.

On the other hand, it is just in this matter of proportion that in one respect the book is open to criticism. The period happens to cover,

though the author seems too little aware of it, the most decisive lifetime in the whole of English history; and it includes, more particularly, that momentous decade—so different in character from all that precedes or comes after it—from Wolsey's death to the fall of Cromwell, when the fate of England, as we now clearly see, was determined unalterably. This Professor Mackie seems to appreciate less still, for these momentous ten years, the reign of Cromwell, get only seventy out of a total of some 650 pages.

Indeed one is often given the impression that nothing of revolutionary importance has taken place. The breach with Rome? But there had long been a 'business partnership' between pope and king; one partner had now succeeded in ousting the other, but it was still the same firm. The dissolution of the monasteries and all it involved? The social upheaval, the new capitalism, the creation of a new squirearchy, destined so soon to destroy the national monarchy? Not so great an upheaval; it was 'less than might have been expected'. And why? 'Because it was only the final act of a destruction which was wrought from within'. It was all, you see, a process of gradualness; there was nothing *new* about the idea of dissolving religious houses; it had often happened before. As Professor Mackie explains it, you can almost see the fabric disintegrating before your eyes. It is as Chesterton remarked in connexion with the gilds: 'Like everything else at the time, they were probably not at their best. It may be true to say that Caesar was not feeling very well on the morning of the Ides of March. But simply to say'—as Professor Mackie does say, about them as well as the monasteries—'that the gilds declined, is about as true as saying that Caesar quietly decayed from purely natural causes at the foot of the statue of Pompey'. Even what he describes as 'the great change' is made to appear insignificant. Henry VIII, it is true, can be regarded in some sort as the 'founder of the church of England', yet 'between the church which he found'—not founded, you will note—'and the church he left there was a real continuity.' As of course there was, for every schismatic body must preserve *some* continuity, if only physical, with the body from which it has seceded. But mere schism is a matter of trifling importance to Professor Mackie; and so elusive a phenomenon that on p. 395, long after the Act of Supremacy and within a couple of years of Cromwell's end, Henry's religious establishment is still being described as 'the Roman Church'. It may be a verbal slip, but it indicates, surely, some confusion of mind. There are similar contradictions in the assessment of the Emperor's influence in the matter of the divorce: on p. 327, 'if Clement did not accede to the English demand he would offend Charles'; but on p. 339 Charles 'was neither inclined nor able to play the champion to his aunt in England'. Or again, in his estimate of popular opinion in England: 'In overthrowing the pope the king had come to rely increasingly upon the support of his people'. 'Obviously,'

he thinks, 'he must have had much support', and yet, of course, 'he had encountered considerable resistance'. And so it goes on: yes, no; on the other hand, but. It is about these major issues that scholarly qualifications tend to disguise the truth, which is, of course, that over the primary issue, that of the divorce, *popular* opinion was as unanimous as it very well could be, and it was unanimously against the king; that over the destruction of the monasteries and the changes in religion, *popular* opinion—as distinct from that of the handful of earnest Protestants and the privileged few who stood to gain from it financially—the opinion of the *mass* of Englishmen was again solidly against the king.

Then how was the change brought off? To explain it as Professor Mackie does—and in this he is simply following the official tradition—by minimizing its importance and the bitterness of the opposition leads to a serious misunderstanding of the respective parts of Thomas Cromwell and his master. The picture of the latter we have here is the familiar 'bluff King Hal', brilliant and headstrong; ruthless, no doubt, and at times even odious, but courageously resolute, pursuing a clear aim, which was, did they only realize it, for his people's own good. But what is the truth about him, if we get down to contemporary sources? Simply that he had never the least idea where he was going! In one thing alone he was consistent: his resolve not to abandon his Catholic orthodoxy; but for the rest he was always dependent on someone to lead him. He supplied the power, it is true, for whatever got done, but it was a power that had to be harnessed, and was in fact harnessed by whoever had the courage and adroitness to use it, whoever had skill to flatter and cajole, who could provide him with the woman who had last caught his eye or remove the one who had ceased to charm. In the 'twenties it was Wolsey, flamboyant and unconstructive, but at any rate purposeful and always efficient. In his grim last years, when his mind and body were rotting away with the disease that doomed his line to extinction, it was either of the two rival factions at court, Norfolk and Gardiner or the Seymours and Cranmer, both playing on him as they could and to the extent to which they dared. But what of the intervening period, those fateful ten years between 1530 and 1540? On Wolsey's fall from power we find Henry is left floundering. Among the Norfolk-Boleyn clique there is no one with the courage or ability to take charge; he finds himself rudderless, completely irresolute, even despairing, it would seem, of pursuing any further his suit to Rome. Then all of a sudden a complete change comes over affairs; a definite aim, a clear-cut policy, practical, farsighted and utterly ruthless. It has all the marks of the professional blackmailer. Someone else is at the helm: it is that obscure adventurer, the ex-guttersnipe, ex-soldier-of-fortune, 'Master Crumwell'; the student of *Il Principe*, money-lender, lawyer, a man of affairs—a man to stick at nothing. He had taken over secretly—we see his writing in the margin of official papers as early as 1530—long before

he was known to be in the King's secret confidence. It is he who stamps his character on the next ten years. It is he who puts the screw on the pope, reassures his hesitant master, disposes of the monasteries, gradually, systematically (how unlike Henry!) and always with an eye to permanent results; it is he who disposes of Anne Boleyn, at the right moment; he who hoodwinks the king over 'Matthew's' Bible ('no sich a person'), almost jockeys him against his will into the Protestant camp—and then so fatally overplays his hand. It had always been a dangerous game, but he had played it clearsightedly, willing to be snubbed, to have his 'pate cuffed' in private, but sneering at his bamboozled sovereign behind his back; and, as it proved, too openly. But there was no undoing what he had accomplished.

And how had he accomplished it? How were these changes imposed on an unwilling and even resentful people? By the packing of parliament, certainly; by political skill in the confusing of issues. But by other methods as well, without which no political genius would have succeeded, methods with which we have grown familiar today: a vast network of spies, voluntary confessions, the liquidating of hostages, the rack and the knife. This is the picture presented to us, once we leave official history and take a look at the *Letters and Papers*, or even Merriam's collection of the *Letters of Thomas Cromwell*.

But it is not the picture Professor Mackie gives us. Why not? It was understandable enough that the age of Fisher and Pollard should have been left bewildered. What could they make of the reports of Cromwell's visitors, of the case of the Nun or Kent, or even Anne Boleyn's? They could only suppose there must have been *something* behind it all. Why, the people confessed! However, it was a barbarous age; better, perhaps, not to dwell on all this; better perpetuate the legend of the Froudian Henry, the strong man, the champion of nationalism, working so bravely (and always with the tacit good-will of his people) for the bigger and better England to come.

But there is no excuse for this story today. It was never very convincing; now it is wholly incredible. Somehow it doesn't ring true, this don't-let's-say-anything-beastly-chaps. Professor Mackie is very reluctant to say anything beastly. The Carthusians chained to the wall and left there to starve? Better cut all that. Spies and informers? The attempted kidnapping of Pole? Surely not necessary. He does indeed mention the roasting of Friar Forest; but oh, so delicately, and only in parenthesis, as incidental to the burning of the Darvell Gadarn; and of course never a word of Hugh Latimer's antics on that memorable occasion. We are told of the 'execution' of Blessed Margaret Pole, but this was due, it seems, to the 'ill-judged enthusiasms' of her son the cardinal; one would hardly suppose that Henry had anything to do with it, still less that she died *ex odio fidei*. He is even loth to be too hard on Bloody Mary herself. There was 'some justification' he allows 'for

the severities'; and 'a few' of Foxe's heroes—but of course 'a very few'—were what he describes as 'undesirables'.

It is as though, in time to come, some German historian were to tell the story of the Third Reich and omit any mention of the Gestapo; Belsen would have to be referred to, as very regrettable, but there would be 'ill-judged enthusiasms' that would explain if not excuse it. 'Henry VIII burnt heretics, he consulted astrologers'—Hitler consulted astrologers too; and he destroyed his heretics, thanks to scientific progress, by the million—'none the less it may be doubted if the Crown' (*read* Nazi régime) 'could have succeeded in its venture had its policy not awakened a responsive chord in the heart of the English' (German) 'people'.

Such is the weakness of this let's-be-kind history: so careful, so scholarly, so appreciative of the finer shades. Professor Mackie, like Gonzalo, 'misses not much'. 'No,' we would agree, 'he doth but mistake the truth totally.' Not that this will do much harm in the case of students who have already a good grip on the essentials. They will be able to profit by these thoughtful provisos and paradoxical exceptions, which will save them from the dangers of over-simplification.

A. GORDON SMITH

FREEMASONRY: A REPLY TO *DARKNESS UNVEILED*

Light Invisible. By 'Vindex'. (The Regency Press. 10s. 6d.)

THE title of this book may recall to some readers a collection of short stories of supernatural or supernormal occurrences which came from the pen of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson under the name of *The Light Invisible*. With the article omitted, a freemason writing under the pseudonym of 'Vindex' has chosen the same title for a reply to the Rev. Walton Hannah's anti-masonic work *Darkness Unveiled*. In a review of the latter in THE DUBLIN REVIEW (No. 457) the present writer said that it raised a question to which he could give no satisfactory answer. How was it that so many generations had been allowed to pass before the propriety of membership of masonic lodges on the part of clergymen of the Church of England had been raised in the forcible manner in which it has been done by Mr. Hannah and Dr. H. S. Box? This problem is made more interesting in view of the fact that Anglican clerical freemasons have been drawn not only from the Low and Broad Church parties, but have included many High Churchmen as well. 'Vindex' offers a solution of this question which, whether it be the correct one or not, certainly deserves our attention.

Though it would be going too far to assert that the view that episcopacy is something essential to membership of the Christian

Church was unknown before the Tractarian movement, nevertheless it has become much more widely held since that period, a circumstance which has an obvious bearing on what is spoken of as the 'Reunion of Christendom'. Forty years ago the adroit handling by Archbishop Davidson of an embittered situation staved off a crisis of the first magnitude. Today another is maturing and the personality of Dr. Fisher may have an influence which will be decisive. The present Primate of All England seems to hold that the time has arrived at which the temporizing policy of Dr. Davidson may be profitably exchanged for one of greater vigour.

During the past few months the Archbishop has taken a holiday in America, and on 10 September he addressed the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States in Boston. In the course of this utterance Dr. Fisher made what may well prove to be one of the most important pronouncements which have ever come from an Anglican Primate. In clear and unambiguous words he repudiated the Anglo-Catholic view that lack of episcopacy excludes a denomination from forming part of the Catholic Church, and identified himself with the Evangelical one which makes membership of it, not episcopacy, but baptism.

What has Freemasonry to do with all this? It seems to be established beyond doubt that the present Archbishop of Canterbury is a freemason, though whether any of his predecessors have so been is less clear, as it is whether this circumstance in any way contributed to his preferment in the Anglican Church. 'Vindex' advances the highly interesting theory that the present attack on Freemasonry in the Church of England is aimed at discrediting Dr. Fisher and wrecking his plans to promote Christian 'reunion'. *Darkness Unveiled* had been published at the time when the Boston address was delivered, but the Archbishop's views were already known. Whether this theory contains substance or not, Mr. Hannah's campaign does not, up to the present at least, appear to have met with great measure of success, nor probably do the majority of non-masonic Anglican clergymen hope that it will do. One of them, Canon Marcus Knight, has thus expressed himself in *The Church of England Newspaper*: 'All that Mr. Hannah can hope to do, if he succeeds, is to make Masonry a non-religious and anti-clerical society instead of what it is in Britain today. Would that be a good result? I doubt it.' A chapter is devoted to the subject of 'Catholics and Freemasonry'.

The author mentions the names of some eighteenth-century Catholic ecclesiastics who are said to have been masons, and it is admitted that many were such. As regards one of the best-known instances, that of Von Welbrück, Prince-Bishop of Liège, in the latter part of the century, there is some dispute about the facts. Père van der Schelden, in his learned monograph, *La Franc-Maçonnerie Belge sous le régime autri-*

chien (1721-1794), says that no record of his initiation into the lodge, *La Parfaite Intelligence*, exists. But there is a strong tradition that the Bishop was a mason, and if he were he would not have wished this fact to be known in Rome, and so might have caused the record of his initiation to be destroyed. It is curious to find 'Vindex' reviving the legend that Pius IX, of all Popes, was a freemason. A curious explanation of its origin which the present writer has come across is that when the future Pope, whose name was Mastai-Ferreti, was Apostolic Delegate in Latin America, a certain Martin Ferrety was initiated into a lodge in that part of the world, and that the two names became confused. However, the tendency to regard any high ecclesiastic who was not in favour with the ultra-clerical party as a 'crypto-mason' long survived the time of Pius IX.

The Catholic Truth Society, which for many years sponsored a moderate pamphlet by Father Herbert Thurston, has recently seen fit to take up a more directly polemical attitude on the subject of Freemasonry. This attitude is signalized by the appearance of a new pamphlet entitled *Catholics and Freemasonry*, by Dr. L. Rumble, which has, we learn from 'Vindex', already appeared in Australia. It is not without interest to observe that an advertisement of Mr. Hannah's book appears on the back of this pamphlet. In contrast to this sharper attitude towards Freemasonry, it is also instructive to note that a seemingly contrary one has been manifesting itself in certain French Catholic circles. Father J. Berteloot's *La Franc-Maçonnerie et l'Église Catholique*, of which the second volume bears the title *Perspectives de pacification*, is an instance of this. Of the controversy between Mr. Hannah and 'Vindex', it may be said that their conceptions of Christianity are so wide apart that neither is likely to make much impression on those who agree with the other. While indicating that his opponent would, in his opinion, have no ground to complain were sterner treatment meted out to him, 'Vindex' concludes that, like the Dean of Canterbury, Mr. Hannah is 'a nuisance which must be borne with patience'.

HUMPHREY J. T. JOHNSON

A POEM OF POWER AND ORIGINALITY

The Anathemata. By David Jones. (Faber. 25s.)

In the eighth Pythian Pindar wrote of 'the long story of fame' being 'consigned to the lyre'; and he used the verb *ανατιθέναι*. His phrase is *αναθέμεθα πᾶσαν μακραγορίαν λύρα*. The question Mr. Jones raises by implication in the title of his poem and discusses explicitly in his preface is how far it is now possible to 'consign to the lyre' our essential

materia poetica. The poem *The Anathemata* should be understood as an attempt to answer that problem. The title is from the same root-word as in Pindar's phrase and it is significant that we are thus recalled to the Hellenic world of 'Rite and Fore-time'. It would not suffice for Mr. Jones' purpose to examine our poetic crux in a sense that excluded consideration of the poet as having primarily a bardic rôle and as being for that reason situationally involved in his own culture. '... the poet, of whatever century, is concerned only with how he can use a current notion to express a permanent mythus' (p. 82). In the Greek culture this rôle for the poet was taken for granted. In our own time it is a matter about which we are agnostic.

The title offers for our reflection the extent to which our anathemata, our 'devoted things', have become accursed—anathema—profaned and degraded. What is discussed in the preface and illuminated by the poem is the problem made for the artist by this erosion of the anathemata; 'To what degree, for instance, is it possible for the "name" to evoke the "local habitation" long since gone?' (p. 25). And Mr. Jones continues: '... I do not raise these questions in order to answer them'. Yet his poem is an answer to them; and the degree to which it is a successful answer is a measurement of the importance of the poem. The writer shews the question to be crucial for the artist, and crucial for our culture-phase. A poem that follows such a preface is indeed a brave sortie. We may well sympathize with the modesty of Mr. Jones' subtitle: 'fragments of an attempted writing'.

It is important to grasp what is attempted. Considered technically I suggest the writing attempts an exploration of our present-day poetic resources to find what remains valid for a work of epic scope and dramatic character—for a work that will submit to Aristotle's requirement of μέγεθος; for a work that must lose nothing of what has been gained for poetic language by the great innovators of our time but which dares to use these inventions for a poem on the scale of a master-work and with a theme no less exalted than was Dante's or Goethe's.

Despite the evident modesty and caution of the writer *The Anathemata* by its nature advances great claims upon the reader. In treating of such a work that has appeared but a few weeks ago the critic can perhaps best help the reader by an attempt to 'place' the poem in a context. What is said by way of judgement and even in elucidation should be only provisional.

It already seems generally agreed that *The Anathemata* possesses great power and originality. The book offers ground for belief that we are here confronted with that most exciting of literary events—a major work of poetic innovation. It seizes upon the mind as a work that is in the class of *The Wasteland* or of Joyce's mature work. This impression is supported by reference to the author's earlier work *In Parenthesis*. It is of course possible to consider subsequent work altogether separately

from what precedes it by the same hand. But from the standpoint of criticism it is of great importance to take into account that *The Anathemata* is a second long poem clearly marked by similar qualities of originality and power as was shewn in the earlier work. In such matters one and one make much more than two. It would be allowable to think of *In Parenthesis* as a single expression in words by a painter who stepped aside for a time from the main-stream of his artistic endeavour and succeeded in making a remarkable but isolated contribution to our creative literature. It would represent an excursion. It would be unlikely that the work, however successful as a single achievement, should introduce a modifying element into contemporary writing. But the appearance of this second book radically alters this view of the matter. It must alter too our approach to the earlier volume. The two works taken together afford a body of literary work with a substantial consistency of style and implying a continuity over more than twenty years and a development of poetic writing which is to be reckoned with in a way that would not be obvious in either work singly.

What makes us discuss *The Anathemata* as though it were so certainly literature of the front rank? The reason is, I think, that it is only with works in this class that it stands in effective relation. To set it beside, for example, Bridge's *Testament of Beauty* or *The Land* by V. Sackville West yields us nothing of value except to make us aware at once that *The Anathemata* by its force and scope is in a different category of literature altogether. It is discussable, however, set beside say *Finnegan's Wake* or *The Wasteland* or Hopkins' *Wreck of the Deutschland*. Here I am not saying the work is as skilful or as successful as these. I am saying that it is in the same class of powerful emotive writing.

What inclines us to attribute to it a high degree of originality is that *The Anathemata* is not amenable to the current idiom of literary appreciation, though we live in a world of aesthetic experiment. 'Is this prose or verse?' is a question asked in the publishers' advertisement, which leaves the question unanswered with the interesting comment, 'It is whatever is most exciting.' But can there be a choice if the test is what is most exciting? In our literary tradition poetry is surely the most exciting use of language. Yet it is important that the question is asked because it is a question that arises only when some technical innovation is before us. It arose clearly throughout *In Parenthesis*. And it arises more insistently here in *The Anathemata* where the techniques are more fully stretched. The quality of being new is rare and is yet essential to poetry. If the use of language at a poetic tension settles the matter, there can be no doubt that most of what we read in *The Anathemata* is poetry, and there can be no doubt that the poetry is new.

It is not experimental nor revolutionary in the sense that Pound experimented and Joyce was revolutionary. Mr. Jones' writing is new in the sense that it is forced upon the poet by technical necessities

which are interior to the work. The result is neither restless nor tentative. The impression is of power and precision.

It is one of the aims of the work to use language poetically with the maximum evocation of meaning. This effect is calculated. A word such as stone or hill or tree is introduced in the course of narrative or reflexion and is then made to give rise to a sequence of evocative images each sharply defined and communicated to the mind in depth with due recession so that any subsequent use of this same word, hill or stone or tree, takes with it the force or 'charge' that has been attracted to it in the image-forming passages that have gone before. When, for example, the reader in the eighth section (p. 233) comes upon a passage referring to the Hill of Calvary he will have in his mind as a pre-conditioning a long parenthesis of 77 lines in the first section where a great range of association is organized in relation to certain hills and hill forts. The effect of the lines in the last section is much heightened by memory of this earlier passage.

A similar but technically different effect achieved by pre-conditioning is felt in these lines:

Failing
 (finished?) West
 your food, once.

Much of the book is resumed in this terse reflexion concerning Europe and the Eucharist. And this statement comes to us with an effect of great poignance because the words and thought have been highly charged previously and carefully conditioned.

It is this cumulative and various use of image and theme which gives the work its essentially dramatic quality. There are two other formal reasons why the work is dramatic; one is that it is meant to be spoken. Indeed, it must be spoken; the arrangement of the words on the page and the directions of the writer enjoin the reader to sound the words, to hear them even when the poem is read privately. A second reason is that the form of the work is in relation to an action—the action of the Mass and thus to the Incarnation and Passion of our Lord. But I believe what stamps the work indelibly as dramatic is neither of these more obvious qualities but the use of image and of theme. They appear and are withdrawn as characters in a play. It is this that achieves Aristotelian mimesis. What is imitated is the action.

The imitable action is not the happenings in the poem but the happenings of the mythos. It may prove to be of great significance that in searching for critical language most suited to *The Anathemata* Aristotle's Poetics seems most appropriate. I do not mean that the work responds to the Aristotelian categories nor, we may guess, is it a work of which Aristotle's formal desires would have altogether

approved. It is rather that in seeking a literary world in which *The Anathemata* is at home the language of Aristotle seems to be congenial in a way that the language of Arnold of Coleridge is less so. Most of us who usually consult the Poetics in English will remember Butcher's word 'the plot' more easily than Aristotle's word 'mythos' which 'plot' is made to translate. *The Anathemata* cannot easily be said to have a plot, which is of course requisite for drama, but it certainly has a mythos.

Again, in discussing the question raised in the publishers' advertisement as to whether the writing is prose or verse, we come more easily to resolve the question in terms of Aristotle's *ἡδυσμένον λόγον* than by application of more recent critical terminology.

Furthermore, if we consider the situation of Greek drama, not at the time when Aristotle wrote, but at the time of its earliest beginnings, at the time when he tells us tragedy and comedy were mere improvisation by song-makers and leaders of the dithyramb, we feel justified in explaining *The Anathemata* in terms that are dramatic. If we have in mind a pre-Aeschylean orchestra rather than the modern theatre, what I mean by dramatic content will perhaps become clearer. Yet further support for this view is suggested by considering, for example, the first and the last two sections of *The Anathemata* as choric. They fulfil more exactly than any other that come to mind the functions of the Sophoclean chorus.

The central section of the work, I take it, begins on p. 96:

Up she looms!
 three points on the starboard bow.
 There's where her spear-flukes
 pharos for you
 day-star for the sea.

From here until the start of the seventh section, Mabinog's Liturgy, we are following what is happily called in a note on p. 106 'the whole argosy of mankind'. It might be thought that the central sections or narrative—the voyage—is the action of the drama. But I believe that the drama extends to the whole work because the action is co-extensive with the mythos. The mythos is complex because late-in-time and heavily charged with much historic experience. Pindar's 'long story of fame' has become far longer and is hard to recognize as a unity, unless as here with the eye of a poet. The myth of *The Anathemata* is, you might say, our own race-history. A poet's myth cannot be vague and abstract. It must be seen as concrete and in exact detail. The problem is the local habitation for the name.

'(For men can but proceed from what they know, nor is it for the mind of this flesh to practise *poiesis* ex nihilo.)' (p. 79.)

The achievement of *The Anathemata* is to make actual the great central facts in our race-history and to make evident and valid yet again for our world the traditional signs and symbols which have been used to express the content of this race-history. This—the significant turns in our race-history—I believe is the mythos. And if so, the 'imitable action' is outside the book itself. It is: the events themselves as they happened or are supposed to have happened in time. This explains the choric effect of the opening and closing passage. They relate not only to what is interior to the work but to what we know already or can by the work be made to know in our own race-memory.

Some readers in considering *The Anathemata* will no doubt have in mind the remarkable effect made by broadcast performances of the earlier work *In Parenthesis*. These performances made evident the dramatic characteristics of *In Parenthesis* and I think corroborate what is described above as regards the larger scale and more developed work *The Anathemata*. The piece comes to have the character that it has by reason of its aims, not by any academic preoccupation with experiment and form. The piece is struck out with vehemence and precision from the awareness in the poet of certain profound cultural and artistic realities. The writer is clearly sensitive to the difficulty that such a work of innovation is likely to present, and he has therefore provided an explanatory preface and a number of elucidatory notes. To some extent Mr. Jones has been his own editor and critic. He has been his own Livingstone Lowes, his own A. W. Verity, and to a remarkable extent his own A. C. Bradley. This is generous treatment indeed, and yet there are those who are bound to be disconcerted by what will seem to them obscurity. But if this 'placing' I have attempted for the work is near the mark the obscurity cannot long persist for the reader who submits to the nature of the poetic undertaking. Most of us now to some degree are strangers at the Dionysia. We need to be reminded that the key to the festival songs is not scholarship but an invocation to the god. The initiation is never denied for it is our inheritance as man.

HARMAN GRISEWOOD

SPANISH REVIEWS

UNAMUNO's religion is the subject of an article in the July-August and September-October numbers of *Razón y Fe*. The article is written in opposition to the attempts of an Argentinian priest, Fr. Hernán Berítez, to interpret Unamuno's spiritual history as a slow and tortuous return towards the orthodox Catholicism which he first deserted when he came as a young student to Madrid. It is well known that there were various subsequent periods and occasions which at any rate gave

some people grounds for supposing him a practising Catholic. The question is what these periods really signify; and whether late professions of weariness with the Protestant kinds of faith he had spent so much time in preaching should be taken as implying an acknowledgement or only a change of error: perhaps he only wanted a new and better Protestantism.

The writer of the *Razón y Fe* article, N. González Caminero, gives good grounds for believing that the periods of apparent practice were based upon emotion rather than upon faith. He also, although he does not say so, takes the old-fashioned and unromantic view that language and meaning are public things, and that there are limits beyond which one is not entitled to go on giving a writer the benefit of a doubt as to his private intentions. He rightly makes a great deal of the point that while to the very end Unamuno's prose works contain a large number of heretical pronouncements, there is not to be found in them any profession of orthodox belief or of adherence to the Church. This alone might be enough to settle the matter, so far as it can be settled by public debate upon publications and statements in letters. But a doubt can still arise about the private and perhaps half-unconscious intentions of his prose from the fact that his poetry quite often sounds unimpeachably Catholic.

Fr. González passes a little lightly over the question of Unamuno's poetry, and quotes the view of one critic who holds that the Christ of the famous poem *El Cristo de Velázquez* is really a mythological figure. Until everybody tires of the game, Unamuno will remain a great talking-point, for the simple reason that an incarnate talking-point was what he made himself. He was pathologically an orator and debater, and gives the impression of never having been able to follow, even imperfectly as most of us do, the normal process of first reaching some sort of conclusion and then setting out to communicate it. His immediate and particular loves, fears and hatreds got directly, to the confusion of himself and everyone else, into all he ever said; and perhaps he never knew what he thought until he heard himself, here and now, addressing—that is, assaulting and caressing, all at once—some real or imaginary audience. Even when he wrote a novel, it was likely to turn into a problem novel; not particularly because he wanted to be clever (though no doubt that entered into it), but because writing a novel was a problematical business for him. He could not reach a settled attitude to the characters he was creating any more than he could achieve a harmonious relationship with his fellow men or the Church. He expressed a great love of men in the Whitman style; but it went with a hatred of men *à la* Flaubert; and while he hated the clergy and all 'official' religion, he was inclined to persuade himself of the existence of a true and enduring Catholicism of the Spanish people, within which he could be at home. Disorder in him went very deep. It was as though whenever

he tried to find his way out of any situation intellect and affect both rushed forward at once and jammed themselves in the nearest exit. But he consented to and exploited his own ambivalences and paralysis of will so that it was natural enough for him to assert that conflict was the innermost stuff of reality; and in solemn and publicized anguish he tried to make his life out of that opposition of head and heart, reason and faith, which for so many others was a mere excuse for apathy. The saddest fact about him is that he was so utterly the victim of his times. Fr. González has no difficulty in showing how completely he remained dominated, from his student days, by Kant; while if he derided Comte, it was because Comte was not positivist enough. He took Reason to be necessarily materialistic in its ways and its conclusions; and made himself at once its opponent and its slave. The only kind of religion he could bring into theoretical relationship with this Reason—but it had to remain a relationship of opposition—was a vague and essentially Protestant 'religion of the heart', God and immortality being even a creation of human needs. He admired Loisy and Harnack.

To try to distinguish between the public man and the private man in such a case is hopeless. Unamuno read himself into sickness, became, like Don Quixote, a battleground of the verbal formulations of others. Where another man's rebellions can be called sins, and set over against a profession of settled belief, Unamuno's rebellions issued in heretical statements of all kinds; but every one of them had a rhetorical aspect, and was affectively made *ad hominem*. Neither Catholic nor positivist nor any kind of orthodox Protestant could ever claim him as more than a very erratic fellow-traveller. We are told by his defender how at one period he would write, of an evening, a poem expressing the dogma he had denied, in an essay, in the morning; and that the essay should not be taken too seriously, as it was really a projection of anti-clericalism. Lesser men, who have been guilty of bad temper at breakfast, will fasten upon the fact that he would publish both poem and essay, and will wonder at the distance that separates them from a genuine *agonista*.

The May and June numbers of the same review carry a discussion by F. del Valle entitled 'Have we lost the working class in Spain?' The article is interesting but difficult to summarize because it surveys inconclusively a complex field of argument which is familiar to its readers but not to the foreigner, and because what figures are given are treated as doubtful samples and estimates. Its general trend is optimistic—perhaps, for anyone living in England, more optimistic than Fr. del Valle himself supposes. The Archbishop of Tarragona is quoted as speaking frankly of the apostasy of the workers; and a radio speaker, Fr. Venancio Marcos, also takes the problem to be one of incredulity, and not of apathy or immorality. Fr. del Valle is more inclined to see anti-clericalism, apathy and poverty as the root of the trouble. He says

that the results of Workers' Missions are very encouraging. He allows that there are still many sectors where Marxist influence has gone deep, but thinks that its actual extent has always been exaggerated, and points out that the younger generation is far less influenced by political theories than the youth of the 'thirties were. One writer, a priest, says that in 1936 and before, in the working-class suburbs of Madrid, 25 per cent of the children were not even baptized, and that in Asturias, Extremadura and Andalusia the figure reached nearly 50 per cent. Fr. del Valle doubts these figures. At present, at any rate, he says, 95 per cent of the workers have their children baptized, and less than 5 per cent die without the Last Sacraments. But he quotes with agreement Cardinal Gomá on the general lack of any solid grounding in religious knowledge; and he also asserts that the fulfilment of religious duties varies in direct proportion to poverty. He records one opinion that in any workers' quarter there will always be found an 'unconquerable' majority amounting to four-fifths of the population; but he thinks this pessimistic, even humanly speaking.

Fr. M. Brugarola writes on the present situation of Spanish corporations ('vertical syndicates') in the July-August number. He argues, following *Quadragesimo Anno*, that each corporation derives its right to regulate working conditions primarily from itself, not from the State; the action of the State should be limited to providing a juridical framework for the self-determination of corporations within the total community, and regulations regarding welfare and minimum wages, which apply indifferently to all workers; it is also its duty to ensure a balance between the aims of one group and another. In the early 1940s there was a strong tendency to give the State much greater direct power: this was most clearly expressed in a Law of 1942, which gave to the Ministry of Labour the sole right to prescribe conditions of work. The National Workers' Congresses of 1946 and 1951 both protested against this Law. The writer of the article agrees with their case and argues that the present system is not in conformity with the doctrine of the Church, that it smacks of Marxism, diminishes the prestige and inhibits the free development of corporations, and also that it encourages the wrong sort of paternalism in employers, who are able to take advantage of the fact that it slows down workers' attempts to improve their lot. Nothing has yet been done, he says, to improve this state of affairs, although in May of this year General Franco did announce the strengthening of the corporations as a part of his policy.

Other articles in *Razón y Fe* include a review of the Eucharistic Congress, a brief study of the theology of the Eucharist in the poets of the first four centuries, and an interesting paper by M. Batllori (May 1952) on 'The myth of Jesuit intervention' in the breaking away of Spanish America from the mother country.

The July-August number of *Arbor* has a long article by Jesús

Arellano on the present university generation. One gathers from it that there is general agreement—in which even a liberal such as Professor Marañón shares—that university life is much more vigorous than before the Civil War. There is also a too brief note by Salvador Mañero on the current revival of spiritualism in philosophy and its value as an instrument for the lay apostolate; and a note by José Pemartín who, basing himself upon the frequency with which questions of constitutionality are now raised in a democracy of the eighteenth-century type such as the U.S.A., argues the necessity of recognizing (a) the right and even duty of the State to defend negatively a certain number of basic institutions—religion, property, the family etc.—by the absolute prohibition of all propaganda opposed to them and (b) its lack of any right to impose a particular political ideology. In the April number there is a vigorous plea for the reform of medical teaching by the eminent professor Carlos Jiménez Díaz: the poverty of the present practical and clinical training seems something quite extraordinary. The May number has an attack by José Vila Selma on the plays of Benavente. Benavente, he says, is almost entirely foreign and romantic in his influences; his themes are monotonous; his characters total individualists, centred in themselves alone, occupied only in finding a source of existence and power within themselves; they are mere creations of sentiment, embodying and justifying an ethic of sentiment. It is all quite merciless, and convincingly put.

T. E. MAY

GERMAN REVIEWS

ARTICLES critical of the attitude of Catholics in the contemporary situation are becoming more frequent. Certainly they are necessary, but their weakness lies in the inevitable omission of much of the factual basis of this criticism: to provide it would mean perhaps parading the contents of private correspondence before the public, would cause unnecessary pain to quite estimable persons, and would certainly render much social life quite impossible for the critic. Raimundo Paniker, asking in the September *Wort und Wahrheit* 'Are Catholics Catholic?' boldly claims that no proof is needed to show that the majority of Catholics today neither live their Catholicity nor are aware of it. Never has God's Church been so persecuted as it is today; compared to this the persecutions of the first centuries were child's play. Yet for centuries Catholics have accepted everything and scarcely ever done anything to meet the demands which the times have made on them. The warnings of the encyclicals and the Gospel itself are ignored or given an inoffensive interpretation. Why are Catholics today so indifferent to the spectacle of disunity in Christendom and not passion-

ately concerned as were Luther's contemporaries? There are Catholics in Europe who have fought three or four times against one another because the state to which they belonged considered that it had serious grounds for going to war; yet love of neighbour is the second greatest commandment. In addition there is the widespread indifference to the spiritual and corporeal needs of millions of our brethren, the lack of interest in the missions.

Herr Paniker is helpful enough to add a few illuminating details: the theologian who said of a papal encyclical, 'That's none of our business. It was written against the French'; the bishop who refused permission to his seminarists to attend an international gathering because it was too dangerous, 'and, besides, the hierarchy there is not beyond reproach'. Never did the bishops of the whole world form so close a unity with Rome as now, but apart from this how little contact have they with one another. Herr Paniker suggests that bishops should go a little more frequently to inquire about the situation of other countries from their episcopal brethren: they are at present too much restricted to the national hierarchies, with the Roman contact as the sole release from these conditions.

The fact is that our Christianity—not the teaching of the Church, still less the Church herself, but Christianity as we live it—is a degenerate Christianity. There are signs of a renewal, attempts to bring a two-thousand-year old tradition to bear on the realities of our time; but when this comes into conflict with the tendency to cling to the failing institutions of a vanishing world there is need of the gift of discernment of spirits in the confusion of transient phenomena and the truly formative influences. The theologians, too, must do more to bring revelation into our thinking; and our Christian thought and being must cease to be separate from our existence as humans, as citizens, as following our special calling.

We are there to conquer the world, with other-worldly power. In the last resort we cannot justify our Catholic claims at the bar of reason alone. Our rights are those of our Redeemer: everything is ours. Whatever there is of good, of truth, belongs to us. Yet, instead of recognizing our heritage, we are happy to be tolerated: 'We are pleased when a Catholic university is again permitted, when a politician uses rhetorically the name of God, when a Nobel prize-winner assures us that science need not be atheistic.' In a word, 'the Catholics have turned their religion into a sect'.

Evidence of the renewal of the authentic Christian spirit is to be found in an article in the November *Wort und Wahrheit*, translated from the French of Jean Cayrol. In the past someone has first been singled out as a hero and later been given veneration as a saint; today the saints have no opportunity of being first known widely as heroes, they may never be canonized, but they are known to their comrades of the

concentration camp and other hidden places. Only sanctity can give man power to grasp this situation and to respond to its demands: 'It is the moment when heroes no longer understand their own courage, for all around is wilderness and senselessness; they stand helpless in the presence of death'.

In an address given at the university of Munich and printed in the August *Hochland*, Romano Guardini deals with the Jewish problem at the highest level. He complains that superficial answers are frequently given even now and recalls the entirely novel background of the Nazi persecution of the Jews: immorality and cruelty are not new in the world, what was new here was the suppression of all human rights—indeed of all *right*. This attempt at the total destruction of personality has left its stain on the German people, no matter how guiltless individuals may be: 'Injustice remains as a force, as directly and historically effective . . . There is a monster in the history of our last twenty years and it is still to be destroyed.' The nature of the solution matters less than the spirit in which it is adopted, with an alert mind, responsibly, and out of greatness of heart.

In the September *Frankfurter Hefte*, Walter Dirks reminds his readers that the German problem itself is also one for which there is no easy solution:

The German people is not happy. We work hard and celebrate mightily, our efforts and our pronouncements are striking; but we do not look happy. There is much good will at work, industry, concern for others; we reflect, advise one another, analyse and examine, and sometimes we even get somewhere by all this; but we are not happy. There are several reasons for this, and in fact the situation is not very different in other countries. Here, however, there are certain additional complications. There is the defeat and the Republic handed out in 1918, there is the 'Revolution' of 1933—partly willed in a moment of intoxication, partly brought in by surreptitious methods and enforced—the mad, senseless war of 1939, finally the defeat of 1945 and once again a Democracy handed out. In a vicious circle, partly as effects and partly as causes, these bitter and weakening experiences are linked with the convulsions and paralysis which prevent our gaining happiness. Fear of the continuation of the series makes it difficult for us to find release from the convulsions. And the division of Germany reminds us every day that we have not yet reached the end of the zone of catastrophe.

He pleads for more reflection on the serious political problems which now have to be settled. If it is suggested that there is little time left in view of the increasing threat from the East, 'if we really have no time for freedom, then one day there will be no more freedom'. Not that dis-

cussion must go on for ever, but that the views of all parties—not merely political parties—should be considered, decisions made, and the execution of the decision taken in hand in the light also of advice from those who opposed it and with their loyal support.

How difficult it is at present to obtain such co-operation is illustrated by the story of the Capuchin father who sought in Bonn to interview two members of Parliament, one belonging to the Centre and the other to the C.D.U. He was warned by his horrified informants, presumably well aware of the situation, not to make such a *faux pas*: one doesn't fraternize with the enemy.

The October *Frankfurter Hefte* contains a 'Profile' of Gertrud von le Fort, by Claudia Frank. Well known as she is as an author, it is not easy to obtain personal details of this lady. She was born of an old Prussian family in 1876 and studied at Heidelberg under the Protestant theologian Troeltsch; but she was over thirty when she commenced these studies. It was not until 1924 that there appeared 'Hymns to the Church' and she became a Catholic a year later. She would herself insist that all that matters of her life is in her work, not as if this were autobiographical, but because she submerges herself in her characters.

Her influence was exerted on German readers long before such contemporary figures as Reinhold Schneider or Elizabeth Langgässer, before Bernanos, Mauriac or Graham Greene were translated. Her last work, *Der Kranz der Engel*, is still the subject of heated discussion and has disturbed others besides the *bien-pensants*; but there is no doubt that her works have generally led to a fuller appreciation of the grandeur of the faith. 'The convert,' she wrote to Karl Muth, 'is not a person who emphasizes the distinction of Confessions, but on the contrary he is one who has overcome this separatism: what he experiences is not a new faith to which he comes, but the unity of faith which flows in upon him.' Not that faith is easy: 'Protect me from Thyself'; 'Thy rest is always upon thorns'; 'I am fallen on the law of thy faith as upon a naked sword'.

EDWARD QUINN



Saint Benedict Joseph Labre

By Agnes de la Gorce

10/6 net

"This is not just another life of the beggar saint. It is the life. . . . Agnes de la Gorce writes with a charm and understanding of the saint that makes him live in the imagination; a delicate, fastidious son of a comparatively well-to-do yeoman of Artois whose family on both sides counted not only many priests but men of rare virtue and learning, forced through his burning love of God on to the roads."

Catholic Herald

The Book of the Saviour

Assembled by F. J. Sheed

18/- net

With illustrations

A companion volume to *The Mary Book*. This is divided into four sections: The Hidden Years, The Public Ministry, From Palm Sunday to Pentecost and To the End of Time. Each section is preceded by a Narrative of events, and there are a couple of theological summaries by the Assembler.

Chaucer

By Raymond Preston

25/- net

With illustrations

In order to assist the modern reader to enjoy Chaucer's poetry Mr. Preston places at his service not only his own knowledge of Chaucer, but his whole picture of mediaeval England, bringing in the art and architecture, the music, the manners and morals of the time, with a subtlety and a humour that greatly help the reader to enter into the subtlety and humour he might otherwise miss in Chaucer himself.

The Legacy

By Michael Mason

2/6 net

Michael Mason is a young poet who is here concerned to convey a vision of the Babel-world into which our ex-Christian society has turned. To do so he borrows the mediaeval devices of the dream and the mock testament, and makes use of Babel's own language with considerable effect.

SHEED & WARD LTD.

110 - 111 FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4

Supplement to *THE DUBLIN REVIEW*

The World's Greatest Bookshop

FOYLES
★ FOR BOOKS ★

Large department for Catholic Books

All new Books available on day of publication. Secondhand and rare Books on every subject. Stock of over three million volumes.

Subscriptions taken for British, American, and Continental magazines

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines) ★ Open 9-6 (including Saturdays)

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

THE DOWNSIDE REVIEW

A Quarterly of Catholic Thought

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE AND SEXUAL
PROBLEMS

Part I by DOM ILLTYD TRETHOWAN

Part II by REGINALD TREVETT

REFLEXIONS ON DEATH

DOM SEBASTIAN MOORE

SILENCE

JOHN M. TODD

THE EUMENIDES A. H. N. GREEN-ARMYTAGE

THE MODERN UNIVERSITY IN THE LIGHT OF
NEWMAN'S IDEA A. C. BEALES

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

AUTUMN 1952

4s. 2d.

"The Downside Review," Downside Abbey, Nr. Bath

**SELECTIONS FROM THE NOTEBOOKS
OF LEONARDO DA VINCI**

Chosen and edited by IRMA A. RICHTER

(World's Classics)

Illustrated 5s. net

'... unquestionably the book bargain of the year. . . .'

News Chronicle

**MOVABLE
FEASTS**

by ARNOLD PALMER

Illustrated 16s. net

A delightful enquiry into the
meal habits of our ancestors.

**ROOSEVELT AND
THE NEW DEAL**

by D. W. BROGAN

16s. net

A brilliant essay by a man who
knows more about American
life and American history than
anyone not born in the U.S.A.

For The Young

OUR EXPLOITS AT WEST POLEY

by THOMAS HARDY

Illustrated by LYNTON LAMB

9s. 6d. net

This newly-discovered story by Hardy, now printed for the first time
on this side of the Atlantic, will delight young and old alike.

THE PRINCESS AND THE SWINEHERD

by NICHOLAS STUART GRAY

Illustrated by JOAN JEFFERSON FARJEON

7s. 6d. net

A new play by the author of those two former successes *Beauty and
the Beast* and *The Tinder Box*.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

BOLSHEVISM : AN INTRODUCTION TO SOVIET COMMUNISM

by **Waldemar Gurian**

" . . . highly valuable . . . instructive . . . scholarly."—*Chicago Tribune*.

" . . . a painstakingly documented analysis."—*Washington Post*.

" . . . the best brief treatment, and the briefest good treatment, of Bolshevism."—*Commonweal*.

\$3.25

CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY IN ITALY AND FRANCE

by **Mario Einaudi and Francois Goguel**

This analysis of the Christian Democratic Party in Italy and the M.R.P. in France is the first complete account in English of the most significant and promising development in Europe's post-war political life.

\$4.00

**UNIVERSITY of NOTRE DAME
PRESS**

NOTRE DAME :: INDIANA :: U.S.A.



MEN AT ARMS

A Novel of Military Life

by

Evelyn Waugh

15s.

"Shrewdly observed, highly polished, and written with all its author's usual skill and humour . . . It is also profoundly moving and richly comic."—GERARD HOPKINS (*Time and Tide*).

" . . . contains something better than he has ever given us before: the character of Aphorpe, a comic invention full of poetry . . . Aphorpe is wonderful."—EDWIN MUIR (*Observer*).

"Exceedingly funny."—PETER QUENNEL (*Daily Mail*).

CHAPMAN & HALL

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

QUARTET IN HEAVEN

CATERINA FIESCA ADORNA: THÉRÈSE MARTIN
ROSA ISABELLA DE SANTA MARIA DE FLORES
CORNELIA CONNELLY

Quartet in Heaven is a biographical study of four women who lived far apart in place and time, yet come together in Sainthood. In the lives of Catherine of Genoa, Cornelia Connelly, Rose of Lima and Thérèse of Lisieux, Sheila Kaye-Smith has found a living and human basis of sanctity. "I want," she says in her Foreword, "to see these women as human beings before I see them as saints." The book ends with "Some notes on the Nature of Sanctity", in which the author tries to determine what exactly are those qualities that go to make a Saint.

Demy 8vo. 15s. net

"The excellence of this work with the author's literary gifts so much in evidence will delight all who read it."—*Irish Independent*.

JUST PUBLISHED BY CASSELL

STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

Readers of *THE DUBLIN REVIEW* will find much to interest them in the December Number of *Studies*. Among the articles in this issue are:

Modern Ireland: Two Interpretations	MICHAEL TIERNEY
This Growing Sense of Europe	JOHN MURRAY
Xavier in Japan	MATHIAS BODKIN
James Connolly, Socialist and Patriot	MICHAEL CONNOLLY
The Oecumenical Movement	STEPHEN J. BROWN
Denis Canon O'Keeffe, M.A.	ARTHUR H. RYAN
Professor John J. Nolan	PATRICK J. MACLAUGHLIN
Evolution and Enthusiasm	MICHAEL A. MACCONAILL
Father Edward F. Pigot, S.J.	D. J. K. O'CONNELL
Yeats, Synge and the Abbey Theatre	ROGER MCHUGH

Thirty Pages of Book Reviews

Specimen copies available, post free, for intending subscribers

Single Copies 4/-
Annual Subscription . 17/-
(including postage)

The Educational Company of Ireland Limited

89 Talbot Street, Dublin

Editorial Offices: 35 Lower Leeson Street, Dublin

Available at principal booksellers

The Ruling Few

The Memoirs of **SIR DAVID KELLY**

"Brilliant. . . Gives a frank and lucid picture of the changes which during the last three decades have transformed the structure of British diplomacy."—**Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart** in the *Sunday Times*. **Recommended by the Book Society.**

450 pages. Illustrated. 25s.

Francis Thompson and Wilfrid Meynell

VIOLA MEYNELL

"Both an illuminating picture of the literary atmosphere of the time and an intelligent description of two curiously associated personalities. . . Excellent."—**Harold Nicolson**, *The Observer*.
"For anyone who cares at all for Francis Thompson's mind and spirit this is an important book."—**Antonia White**, *New Statesman*.
Illustrated. 18s.

Early English Christian Poetry

Translated into alliterative verse by

PROFESSOR CHARLES KENNEDY

For many years the beauties of early English poetry have been denied to all save the comparatively few students of Anglo-Saxon. One of the greatest authorities on the subject here presents to the general reader, in modern English, some of the finest passages from vernacular poetry written between the 7th century and the Norman Conquest.

21s.

HOLLIS & CARTER

*Well-informed
people everywhere
read*

THE TABLET

for intelligent comment
on world affairs from
a Catholic viewpoint

Regular features

include notes on current affairs at home and abroad, articles on the foremost topics of the week, reviews of the latest books (Catholic and general), news, notes and texts of Catholic interest gathered from many parts of the world, spiritual reading, music and film notes, criticisms of art exhibitions, etc., a chess column with problems for the novice and the expert

THE TABLET is obtainable, on order, from your newsagent, price 9d. weekly, or direct by post from the publishers, price 42s. per annum, post free

Send for a specimen copy to

THE PUBLISHER
128 SLOANE STREET, S.W.1



WHEN MAKING YOUR WILL—

Please remember the urgent need
of

The Crusade of Rescue
AND
HOMES FOR DESTITUTE
CATHOLIC CHILDREN

27 Tavistock Place
London, W.C.1

President :

His Eminence the Cardinal Arch-
bishop of Westminster

Administrator :

Very Rev. Canon Bernard George

The Crusade of Rescue

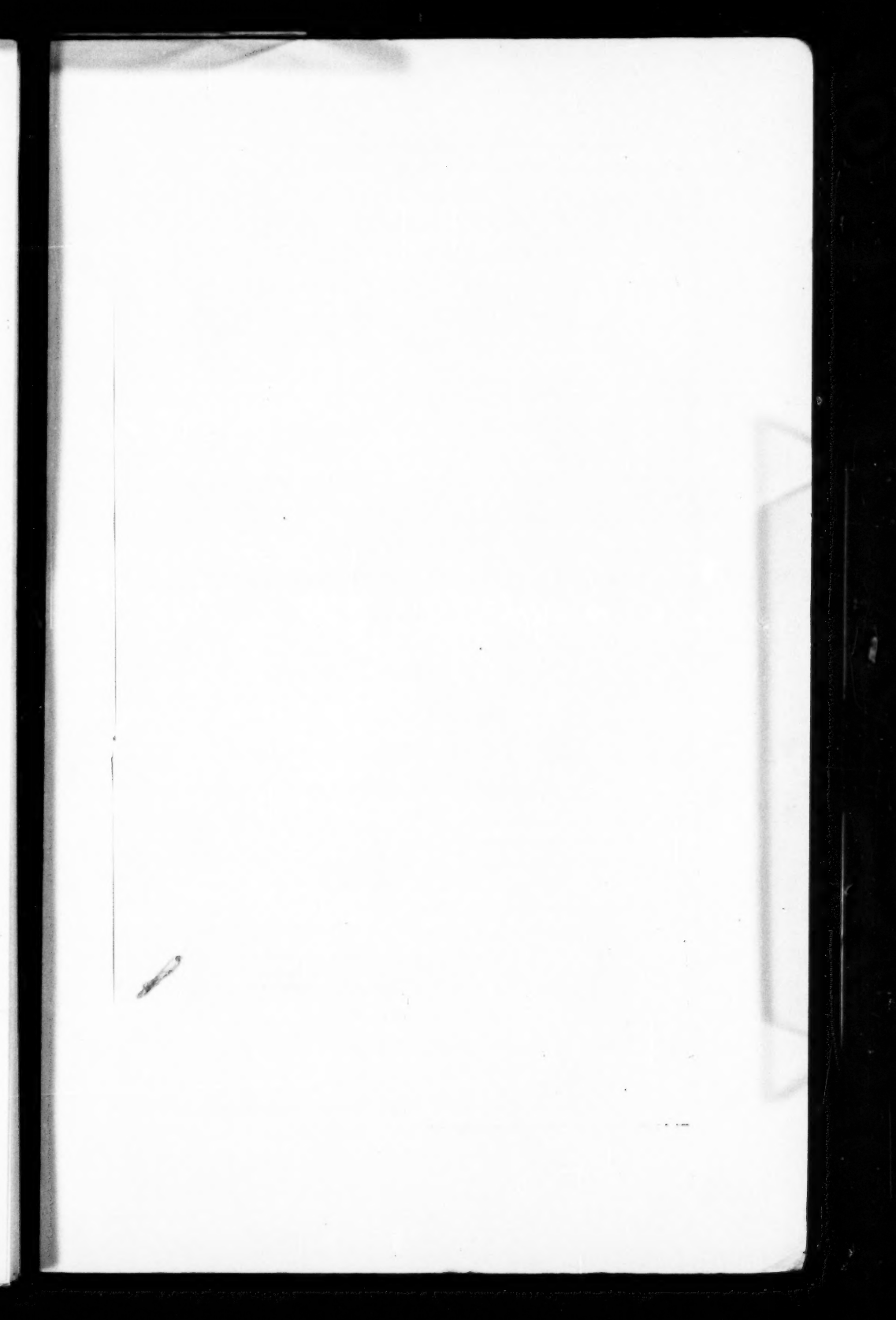
exists to save Homeless Catholic Children
from misery and loss of Faith.

THE CRUSADE OF RESCUE is pledged
as follows :

No Catholic child who is really destitute,
or whose Faith is in danger and who
cannot be otherwise provided for, is ever
refused.

THE CRUSADE OF RESCUE depends entirely
upon Charity.

27 TAVISTOCK PLACE
LONDON, W.C.1



Saint Francis Xavier

JAMES BRODRICK, S.J.

"Every page of the book is intensely interesting and every phase of the life holds the reader enthralled."—**Cardinal Gilroy, Archbishop of Sydney.** 550 pages. Illustrated. 30s.

Saint Vincent de Paul

MGR. JEAN CALVET

"If anyone wishes to get a living picture of the Saint, factual and restrained, yet catching the glow of his so profound love of God and man, we do not know any book we would so readily suggest."
—*Catholic Herald.* 21s.

The Hidden Stream

MGR. RONALD KNOX

A collection of Oxford conferences given by Mgr. Knox since his resignation from the chaplaincy at the Old Palace at the invitation of his successors. 16s.

The Two Sovereignties

JOSEPH LECLER, S.J.

This doctrinal and historical study of the Church's attitude towards State sovereignty, in which the author discusses such problems as the respective rights of Church and State over the family and education and the true function of Catholic Action, is of particular importance at the present time. 16s.

BURNS  **OATES**

28 Ashley Place, London, S.W.1

THIS PUBLICATION IS REPRODUCED BY AGREEMENT WITH THE COPYRIGHT OWNER. EXTENSIVE DUPLICATION OR RESALE WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED.